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The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 157.

WEEK ENDING NOV. 4TH, 1911.

ONE PENNY.

Experiments on Human Beings.

See page 245.

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For high-grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 251.

DOGS, &c.

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Wanted, back numbers 1, 11, 32, 41, 110, "The Modern Man."—Watt, the Edinburgh Modern Man Club, Victoria Street, Edinburgh.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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10 S. 6 D.—Gent's heavy Gold-cased Keyless Forest Watch, improved patent (John Forester, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

19 S. 6 D.—Gent's Fashionable Dark brown Tweed Suit, by Stroud, high-class tailor; latest West-End cut and finish; splendid quality; breast 38in., waist 30in., leg 31½in. Sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval.

25 S.—Very Fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Casati, Venetian, anno 1712, rich mellow tone, with Dodd model Bow and black ebonised case; suit professional or soloist; sacrifice, 25s.; worth £10; approval willingly.

10 S. 6 D.—Organ Tone Melodion, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 keys, reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords, powerful tone, in perfect order; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval willingly.

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DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbroker, 234, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

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must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for
return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold
himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution
submitted on approval.

CHEEK.

How much can a Chinese Manchu?

"Traps for Unwary Authors" is the title of an article
in a weekly paper. A great many unwary authors I know
cannot afford them. They have either to take 'buses or

Lady Griselda Cheape objects to Women's Suffrage on
grounds of morality. Possibly the Suffragettes will be
inquiring, "Why is Lady Griselda Cheape?"

The 'Telegraph' on Cheese" runs an advertisement.
Sounds much more palatable, by the way, than the
Daily Mail" on Standard Bread.

The author of a book on "Marriage: Before — and
after" is Mr. Light. He throws himself on his subject.

A contemporary inquires whether Mr. Oscar Asche's
poster with the Arabic sign on it really was
after all? It was Greek to the general public, any-

After hearing "In The Shadows" for the something-
time, I am almost tempted to remark "I don't

The Mayor of Portsmouth, a dentist by profession, has
received a knighthood. Now, doubtless, he will be proud
of extraction in more ways than one.

Bertie Bonnyboy says he doesn't care for football, or
hurling, or pushball, or any kind of ball—with one excep-
tion. He is so fond of Covent Garden Ball.

Miss Maidie Sinclair, until quite recently playing in
the Mousmé" at the Shaftesbury, has become engaged
to an Oriental named Mr. Sen. In a few years we shall
probably have to give her credit for little Sens.

RUGBY FOOTBALL NOTE:—An Old Blue, still in residence
at Cambridge, who is said to be "very hot" is Mr. Ovens.

The voyage of the M.C.C. cricket team to Australia, al-
though doubtless very pleasant on the whole, cannot be
said to have passed off without a Hitch.

An engine-driver started a train recently, misled by a
mis-plumed creation, which the "Daily Mail" de-
scribes as a "Line Clear" Hat. Very likely the unfor-
tunate driver afterwards had cause to rail at it.

A tailor describes himself as an "artist in clothes." To
artists who are not in clothes, you must go to a Salomé
show.

J. S. Cox.

HOW TO CARRY BOOKS.

Everyone at some time has had to carry home two or
three or four books, and perhaps been unable to borrow a
strap with which to fasten them together. In such circum-
stances books are slippery customers and difficult to carry.

The following is a simple method by which they may be
transported with ease.

Lay the volumes one above the other, the backs and
fronts alternately facing the same way. Then place the
outside front cover of the uppermost book within that of
the next volume, the outside back cover of that within the
outside back cover of the third, and so on.

In this way, without in the least straining the binding,
quite a number of volumes of different shapes and sizes
will hold each other firmly together and be capable of
transit with comfort and safety.

LATE HOURS AND HEALTH.

Numbers of men who have spent much time abroad are
often moved to wonder at the apparent vitality of the
foreigner, who can spend half of every night in more or less
riotous living, and still turn up smiling early next morning,
after from two to five hours' sleep.

Such a life would kill the average Englishman in three
months.

The secret of the foreigner's energy after dissipation is to
be found in his habit of snatching sleep at odd times during
the day. He has accustomed himself to lie down, or even to
loungue in a chair, and sleep soundly at very short notice.

So that in reality he has quite as much sleep in the course
of every twenty-four hours as the average Englishman. The
only difference is that the latter takes all his sleep in one
dose.

PERSONAL SPORTING FACTS.

There are certain facts about himself which every sports-
man should know, and of which he should keep a record
in his note-book ready for easy reference.

These are his age, height, weight, chest-measurement,
the length of his natural walking pace (and that of his horse;
walking, trotting, cantering, galloping, if he owns one), the
weight he can lift without straining himself, his reach, the
time in which he can run and walk a mile without distress,
and the height and distance he can jump.

He should also know the size he takes in hats, boots,
gloves, and collars.

The speed-gears of his cycle, length of stirrup leather,
weight of tennis-racquet, bore and weight of his gun,
average length of drive and putt and handicap at golf are
also useful points to ascertain and remember.

It is no bad plan to test all these once a year and enter
them afresh in the pocket-diary, making such corrections
as may be required owing to lapse of time and increasing
experience or proficiency in his chosen sports.

HOW TO BLOW A HUNTING HORN.

Of all wind instruments the hunting-horn is the most
difficult to sound. Many masters of hounds, and even some
huntsmen, make very poor "fists" at it, and as often blow
unintentional discords as the true note.

This difficulty arises from the shortness of the tube, ren-
dered necessary by its having to be carried in the pocket or
on the saddle. The longer the tube, the easier it is to sound
a harmonious note.

Many horns, also, are made with the upper edge of the
mouthpiece too narrow, so that it cuts the lips when pressed
against them. Choose a horn with a broad, smooth surface
to the mouthpiece.

Hard lips and sound front teeth are essential to horn-
blowing. The horn should be held in one hand, with
the bell slightly depressed and turned so that the wind does
not blow into the tube.

The lips should be almost closed and pressed back against
the teeth.

The mouthpiece must be pressed firmly against the centre
of the almost closed lips.

Then the performer should half blow, half spit into the
mouthpiece, when a clear note will be produced. Puffing
out the cheeks or discharging a lot of saliva into the horn
are unnecessary, and will defeat the object in view.



PIKE FISHING

SPORT TO BE ENJOYED AT THE PRESENT SEASON.

When the first frosts have cut down the weeds and incidentally sharpened the appetites of the fish, is the time to go pike-fishing. Usually this happens before the end of October or during the first weeks in November; but the long continued drought of the present year has left the water in too low and too weedy a condition to provide much sport until floods shall have come to cleanse and refill the rivers.

The most scientific method of angling for pike is by spinning for them. It also possesses the advantage of not necessitating much apparatus. A tin box that will carry all the artificial baits and the casts required will go into the pocket of a fishing jacket.

THE BEST BAITS.

It is not necessary even to carry a creel, since reel and lunch can easily be stowed in pockets likewise; and any pike captured will be too big for the average creel. Beside the bait-box and a pike-rod with a spinning top, therefore, all that is required is a free-running reel with a brake.

It is well to carry a fair assortment of baits and to have them of different sizes. Two or three spoons, a few Devons, some artificial minnows and gudgeon, all furnished with triangles, and a variety of graduated leads, will, with a selection of gimp, and treble-gut traces, be sufficient to furnish forth the tin compartmented box.

Spinning for pike is best carried out from the bank and not from a boat. A broad river, or a lake or large pond is indicated rather than small overhung or weedy streams.

An eye accustomed to judging distances is an advantage if one would not over-throw into the obstacles that fringe the further bank and have to submit to a break because the triangles have caught in some immovable object there.

STRONG TACKLE.

All one's tackle must be strong, so that if it does catch in a submerged branch or a sunken boot, or the fringe of reeds above the hole in which the pike delights to lie, it will be possible to haul the offending obstacle to the bank or to break off the entangling rushes and flags without losing one's flight.

A prettier, to my mind more enjoyable, and quite as sporting a method is live-baiting—though it requires more impedimenta. Here the fisherman will need a creel to carry his floats and flights, and a live-bait tin to hold his minnows and gudgeon. He should also take some spinning tackle with him and a spoon or two, in case his live minnows give out or die before the day is done.

He may live-bait either afloat or ashore, a favourite spot being the troubled waters below a weir. Having weighted his line above the bait, which is best attached by putting a single hook through one or both lips of the minnow and running the small hook of the triangle through the thickest part of the dorsal fin, he merely lets a long line run off the reel, and the bait swims about in a lively manner above the bed of the stream, gradually floating down with the current.

WHEN TO STRIKE.

When the big float goes under, the fish has taken the bait. Let him go away with it with a free line—the pilot-floats will show in which direction—and wait half a minute or so before striking. A pike seizes the bait from below and holds it crosswise in his mouth until he reaches his lair. Then he turns it preparatory to swallowing it, and that is the moment at which to strike and hook him.

Never be in a hurry when playing a pike, especially a big one. Head him away from dangerous places where he is likely to break you, but otherwise let him run. After his first friskiness is over, get above him and pull him up stream against the current. This will tire and eventually drown him, and he will presently come to the gaff like a small log.

R. HAYDEN GEORGE.



CURRENT BOXING.

NOTES AND NEWS FROM THE RINGSIDE.

George Carpentier, the very clever young French boxer who is now on a triumphal progress through England, added another big scalp to his collection at the King's Hall, last Monday, when he gave a bad beating to Young Joseph for the welter-weight championship of Europe.

The fight lasted ten rounds, at the end of which time Joseph's seconds wisely threw in the towel, although their man pleaded with them not to; but everybody could see that the Englishman was beaten after the third round.

Although not wishing to detract in any way from Carpentier's meritorious win—clean and clever throughout—I must say that I thought that Joseph was something on the fat side for a contest of such importance.

Billy Marchant, the quick and clever Lancashire boxer who has been exciting more than a little interest in London boxing circles lately, gave a clearer exhibition of his real powers at the same place on the same evening, when he got the better of Con Houghton after fifteen rounds. Marchant is to box at the N.S.C. on the opening night of the season, whenever that may be. The alterations, etc., are taking longer than was expected, I hear.

When Jack Morris, the Aldgate boxer, went on a visit to the States some little time back, there were not very many people who fancied his chances much; but the news of his fine win over so good a boxer as Mickey Gannon has come as a pleasant surprise, as also the information that Morris has improved so that his old opponents wouldn't recognise his form. If this is so, I can see him getting some big fixtures on his return home.

I understand that two French boxers, Marcel Moreau and Paul Til, are to go to Australia under the auspices of Mr. Hugh D. McIntosh. While on this subject let us hope for Til's sake that he will follow his compatriot, Carpentier's, example and fight clean. Referees down under are just as strict as they are here, and several of Monsieur Til's usual methods would, I am sure, by no means meet with their approval.

STRAIGHT LEFT.

CURRENT FOOTBALL.

FEARLESS CRITICISM OF TEAMS AND PLAYERS.

Undoubtedly the chief point of note in the football world this week is the remarkable upset of the "home-team" theory. I doubt whether anything quite like it has been seen for some years. In the First League, out of ten matches played no fewer than five home teams have been beaten to wit: Aston Villa (3-2) by Sheffield Wednesday; North End (1-0) by Woolwich Arsenal; Sheffield United (2-1) by Sunderland; Manchester United (4-3) by Middlesbrough; and Bolton Wanderers (2-1) by Everton.

In the Second League one home-team was beaten—namely, Leicester Fosse (2-0) by Huddersfield Town; and two Southern League clubs went down on their own ground. These were Leyton (3-1) by Crystal Palace, and Luton (1-0) by Norwich City. As the famous Scot, who ever he was, said, "Man, it beats cock-fighting."

One of the smartest half-backs playing this season is Clamp, of Notts County. In the match against Tottenham Hotspur, at Tottenham, when the 'Spurs could only draw on their own ground, the way Clamp bottled up Tottenham reduced even the home-side's supporters to admiring silence. The 'Spurs' defence, by the way, was so slow as almost to justify the accusation of footling.

Strangely enough, next Saturday the two teams in question meet the extremes of the League table, Notts County being at home to Bradford City, who are at the top, and Tottenham Hotspur receiving Bury, who figure blushing at the bottom.

The County ought, on their form at Tottenham, to be safe enough of victory; but the Hotspurs will have to put a lot more speed and cleverness into their forward and back lines if they are to deal successfully even with so lowly a team as Bury.

By the way, it is seldom nowadays that such prolific scoring is seen in first-class football as that in the West Ham v. Brentford match at Upton Park, when the home-side scored the huge number of seven goals to Brentford's by means negligible total of four.

G. F.

CRIME.

ITS STRANGE FASCINATION, EVEN FOR LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS.

"Punch" tells a story of a little girl who, asked whether she would prefer to be beautiful or good, said she thought she would rather be beautiful—and reform.

Even little girls know that wickedness is better fun than goodness. It is not that goodness is so bad in itself—it leaves one with an awfully comfortable feeling inside afterwards—but there's a spice and a defiance and a fearful joy in wickedness which one never gets from behaving just as people say one should do.

A schoolboy of decent instincts will feel mean in stealing apples from a cart, but he will rob an orchard with impunity, extracting a fine pleasure from the consciousness of lawlessness.

This love of the illicit does not leave us as we increase in years, but we become more careful. We conceal natural instincts under a surface guise of incorruptibility. We applaud virtue and openly reprobate vice; and in our innermost hearts we are frequently only admiring the wrong-doer, wishing we had more of his pluck. Our own virtue is so insensibly mixed up with discretion. Even with the best of us the fear of being found out is the beginning of the end of our righteousness.

CRIMINAL CURIOSITY.

But do not let us allow a mood of candour to delude us into thinking all manner of crime is equally fascinating. There are sordid and repulsive crimes which even the devoted could hardly desire to emulate; none the less, we are interested in them, morbidly drawn to know more about them by a curiosity which is as common as our instinctive desire to avoid unpleasant consequences.

A sensational crime is balm to the soul of the enterprising newspaper editor—familiar, more than any other crime, with the foibles of his kind. It is only to be wondered at that he does not inspire and commission the commission of crime when, as occasionally happens, the supply of requirements is short.

Perhaps, after all, that is actually what he does do.

THE MYSTERY.

A rumour was abroad not so very long ago that a famous paper had originated and stage-managed a not-invented-to-be-solved murder mystery. How it was conceived had better not be described, but suffice it to say that the body of an unidentified man, killed as the result of an accident, was purchased and placed in a particular spot, the suspicious circumstances being adroitly manufactured.

The effect of punishment on crime is a problem engaging many minds. It is pretty generally admitted that punishment is a powerful deterrent, while seldom is correction a successful cure.

The habitual criminal is a creature callous about the effects of punishment. He counts up the penalty and weighs it against the probabilities of profit. He can often tempt the judge as to the limit of punishment to which he rendered himself liable. And in prison he occupies his spare time in thinking out improvements in his habits (not in the sense which would flatter the chaplain), and in contriving newer and cleverer schemes, with a consequent reduction in the chances of detection.

THE HABITUAL'S VIEW-POINT.

Down in the criminal dens of the East-End you will never hear pity or regret expressed that so-and-so has been hanged. He possibly may be subjected to a lurid criticism for having been so unsuccessful; but the only crime of which hardened criminals are wittingly guilty is that of making a failure.

So it would appear that people who have a vivid dislike of the penalties of being found out, should hang on to that particular objection as to a very rock of security. It is their safeguard from many of the ills to which flesh is naturally inclined.

Criminals who deserve to be pitied are those who are reared in an atmosphere of crime, never having an opportunity of discovering that the reverse mode of living

is a happier and more comfortable one. They pick pockets when children as naturally as taking breath, and from that it is a short cut to robbing with violence, burglary, and, perhaps, in an unrestrained moment, murder.

In an enlightened and civilised country such a gross handicap in the race of life should not be allowed, and the legislation towards its removal should be the first principle of every humanitarian. The curbing of lawless proclivities is difficult enough even when one starts from scratch.

There are, too, unfortunates who are forced into crime against all their better tendencies and desires. The embezzlement which is originally a "temporary borrowing," is merely a form of weakness; and the stealing of bread for the satisfying of starving children is an heroic necessity which the law may sympathise with, but cannot condone.

CRIMES NOT IN THE CALENDAR.

Crime, in brief, is complex and baffling. The cynic may regard it as an ineradicable attribute of mankind, but even he will turn his eyes from the spectacle of the misery it will bring.

It is a part of life, but it is by no means the whole of life; and there are many things to compensate its presence.

The crime which is the most prevalent and the least understood is the crime of being false to one's best instincts. Many men are punctiliously law-abiding, but fall short grievously of the quality they might have attained.

Many consider that only by breaking the legal laws can crime be committed. Whereas there are more crimes outside the calendar than within it. STEPHEN PARTRIDGE.

CARAVANS IN WINTER.

Owners of touring caravans are apt to neglect them during the winter. They think it sufficient if they place them in some barn or outhouse and cover them with a dust cloth, or stand them in a sheltered yard clothed in tarpaulins.

But caravans require more attention than this. If they are to stand out of doors, the wheels should be placed on bricks to keep them well above the surface of the ground. All metal fittings, both inside and out, should be thickly coated with vaseline. Of course, all bedding, curtains, carpets, and other upholstery will have been taken indoors and the larder and cupboards scrupulously cleaned.

The chimney should be swept, stove flues cleaned, and the cowl removed, the aperture left being securely plugged with something that will keep the rain and dust out.

Once a month the caravan should be drawn out or uncovered, all windows and doors opened, a fire lighted, and kept going for a few hours, a bright sunny day being selected for the purpose.

Then, when the approach of Easter suggests a holiday trip, it will be found sweet, dry, and habitable, and there will be no allowance to be made for deterioration or dilapidation.

SPORTING FALLACIES.

"Oh, Flyaway can't help winning; he's only carrying 6st. 7lb.!" is the sort of remark you may often hear a man make. But it is pretty long odds that he will be fairly young, for his observation is an example of a sporting fallacy, to which many inexperienced punters are inclined.

A horse doesn't always stand a good chance because he has a light weight. The reason of this is that a very light weight means that the horse will have to be ridden by a boy, who probably will not have the strength to "hold in" a mettlesome thoroughbred. A very light weight is very often a drawback rather than an advantage.

Another fallacy is the idea that it is "dirty play" to pot your adversary's ball at billiards.

The writer saw a man lately who only wanted one to win, and who had the white in the jaws of a pocket, refuse to put it down, and try a difficult cannon, which he missed. His opponent, who only needed two to win, promptly went in off the red.

To have put the white down in that case was the game, and in not doing so the loser showed himself to be well meaning, but injudicious.

The idea that strength means everything in boxing is another mistake. There is many a little man in the professional ring to-day who could beat men who could lift him over their heads with one hand.



BLOOD IS THICKER

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ADAM STERN.

The two brothers had not spoken to each other for over a fortnight.

They slept in separate beds in the same bedroom, they ate at the same table, they dressed and undressed in each other's company; and all the time there was a silence between them—a dark dangerous silence, charged with hatred, which showed itself now and then in the gleam which lit their eyes when accidentally their glances met.

They were almost of an age, Ned being twenty and Ben about ten months younger. Both worked at the chain-block, though for different employers. Their father was also a chain-maker. Their mother, until recent ill-health had deprived her of the strength and stamina necessary for this, the severest female labour in the land, had, too, been a chain-maker from a girl.

All were enslaved to the iron, bearing on their bodies and in their lives the permanent ruthless brand of it. Inheritance, custom, and association, had engrained them with a likeness to the iron themselves, making them dark and sullen—and scarred.

Only in the woman was there trace of gentleness left. In her was the mother-instinct, not to be overcome or subjugated by any other force in the world.

It grieved her to her heart's roots to see her sons so perpetually at enmity. They were temperamentally alike—insuperable barrier to proper understanding. Both were jealous and hot-passioned; both sullenly resentful of minor wrongs and unyieldingly unforgiving.

The present ill-feeling between them was for no greater cause than that Ben was making chain a couple of sizes heavier than the chain upon which Ned was employed; and, consequently, for the time being, was earning higher wages.

Ned, remembering his slight superiority in age, could neither forget nor forgive this.

The spark reached the powder one evening when the brothers met upon the stairs. Ben coming down and Ned going up. The passage was narrow, and there was no room to pass unless one gave way.

Ned pushed upwards, hardening his shoulder.

"Out o' the road!" he ground through his teeth.

"Steady where yo're coming," said Ben stiffening.

"Make room, then!"

"Make room yourself."

The straining of body against body became audible in the kitchen. The mother, ironing at the table, suddenly laid down the iron and went to the foot of the stairs.

"Shift out o' the road or I'll bash ye!" Ned's voice, in low, furious key.

"Try it on, then! Think I'm afraid o' yo'? Yo' sha'n't come it over me, yo' swine!"

"Won't I? Take that!"

A blow, and the smack of fist on flesh in return.

"Christ Jesus!" sobbed the mother.

"Yo'll rue that blow," said Ben. "By the God that made ye, yo'll rue it!" and he struck back with savage intent.

Cursing, the brothers locked in a violent grip, and fell crashing to the foot of the stairs.

"Ned!" screamed the mother. "Ben! Oh, my lads! my lads!"

She bent over the struggling pair, trying to separate them with her enfeebled hands.

"Let go my throat, blast ye!"

"I'll choke the life out of ye!"

"Two can play at that game. . . . A-h!"

Breath came from them in gasps, and they rolled all over the kitchen like fighting dogs.

"Oh, love of Jesus!" sobbed the mother, watching them with dilated eyes. "There'll be murder done!"

She ran to the door, but hesitated, wringing her hands. Pride forbade her, even in that crucial moment, to allow her neighbours to know what was going on.

"Ned!" she entreated, "thou wouldna hurt thy younger brother! Ben! loose him! Let go!"



All at once she smothered a scream. Ned was underneath, and Ben, his knees on his chest, had his fingers tight on his throat, and was throttling, throttling. . . . The whistling of breath was horrible to hear.

With quick tense desperation, the mother tore at her younger son's wrists. She fell on her knees, gasping entreaties into his face. She saw in the blazing eyes and tight-locked lips murder . . . and screamed to the God above her to interpose and help. . . .

Ben relaxed his grip. He looked at her, and sanity began to appear again in his blood-charged terrible eyes.

"Don't make that row, mother," he whispered. "It's all right. It's all right."

He got to his feet, shuddering and looked down intently at his brother.

Ned was fighting for recovery. His cheeks were leaden-coloured. He lay with eyes shut.

As the street-door opened, the mother tottered to a chair, and sinking down in it, threw her apron over her face, and rocked to and fro in an abandonment of grief.

It was the father who came in. He was uncertain in his steps, and manifestly drunk. He attempted to get some explanation from Ben, who scowled and refused to reply, and put on his cap and went out.

Ned got slowly to a sitting posture, and with difficulty climbed to his feet. He stood swaying a little, the same dull glaze in his eyes as in those of his intoxicated father.

"So that's what it's come to, eh?" he said, slowly. "Blood-hatred. Killing atween brother and brother. Ah, well, I wonder which'll come off best."

Ned! "shrilled his mother, with renewed fear. "It's wicked of ye to talk like that. It's wicked of ye to think evil towards your brother. Make peace, lad. Be forgiving."

"Does he make peace? Is he forgiving?" he cried upon her fiercely. "Make no talk to me," he cried. "Twas yo' brought us into the world, and there ain't enough room for both. One of us ha' got to quit it."

And, reaching for his cap, he too went out, slamming the door behind him.

The mother woke suddenly to fear-driven action. She crossed to the door rapidly, and looked along the dark squalid street.

"He's gone to follow Ben," she said. "He's gone to find him. There'll be fighting again if they meet. Oh, my man, pull yourself together and prevent evil happening."

"Lerrum alone," he answered, settling himself more comfortably in his chair. "Thee lashes thyself with worry for no cause. Lerrum fight it out—and be damned to them!" And he called for his supper.

Ned went plunging along, rage as black as the night in his heart. He was conscious of nothing but the seething turbulence of his hatred. Words fell from his lips unwittingly—broken, incoherent words, like drippings of molten metal.

All unexpectedly he collided with an approaching form. The figure was a slim one, and staggered away sideways before regaining equilibrium.

Ned turned round and vilified him; the man stood listening patiently, and then spoke up, using quiet, friendly tones which were well familiar to Ned.

"That's Vale, isn't it? Ned Vale? What's the matter, Ned, that you speak so unflatteringly to a friend?"

He came up, revealing in the gloom a clergyman's attire and a long, lean face lit almost literally with glowing enthusiastic eyes.

"Mr. Ellis!" said Ned. "I'm sorry—I didn't know yo'."

"What's up, Ned? You're in trouble."

"I'm not. How did yo' know? If I am, it can't be helped."

"Oh, yes, you can be helped, Ned. I can help you. The tone was still quiet and kindly. "Come into my diggings. I want to have a talk with you."

"Yo'll do no good, Mr. Ellis. I thank ye. Let me go my way."

"You'll come with me, I tell you. And if you don't, I shall be forced to accompany you. And that will be a nuisance, because it's a dirty night and my study is more comfortable."

"Mr. Ellis"—Ned's voice had a moaning inflection—

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1911.

"I tell yo' to leave me alone. I'm fit for no man's company to-night."

"Perhaps for no other man's but mine. But mine, surely, Ned? We're friends. Friends understand one another. Come along."

Ned stood solid as iron.

"Yo' don't know what's in my blood," he went on, "Yo' don't know that strange dreadful moaning through his teeth."

"Yo' don't know. . . ."

"I can guess, Ned. It's the devil in you—battling with deep and terrible grief. I've seen it before. And I've seen it conquered. Now out with it—whatever's in your mind. Look at me, Ned Vale. I'm not offering you sanctimonious sympathy. I'm feeling, right down in my heart, the suffering that's tearing you. Isn't that the truth? Haven't you proved me over and over again—you and your brother and other men who know me? Then speak out!"—and the clergyman stood quivering, his soul visible in his eyes.

The young man took a deep breath, hunching his shoulders as though with a mighty effort of self-repression. "Yo'm determined to know," he said. "Very well! I'm going to twist the life out of my brother when I can lay hold of him, and send him hurtling to hell."

A silence followed the words, a long, drawn-out painful silence. Finally, the clergyman sighed.

"Well," he said, common-placely, "come along with me to my diggings, at any rate."

"It'll make no difference," said Ned. "He as good as did for me to-night. It's war between us. And though yo' may persuade me to a better frame of mind, it'll only be as bad again when next I set my eyes on him."

"Come, nevertheless," persisted the clergyman; and they walked together in silence.

In the warm hall, after he had let himself in with a key, the clergyman's landlady advanced and informed him that a visitor was waiting in the study.

She mentioned the name.

Ned Vale turned suddenly to go. The clergyman arrested him by seizing his wrist in a steel-like grip.

"It's a trick," hissed Ned furiously. "Yo've arranged this. Yo' brought me here on purpose!"

"It is not a trick," said the clergyman, gravely. "It is more like the finger of God!"

And he drew the man with him into his study.

Ben Vale stood erect on the hearthrug, very stiff and pale, and his strong hands knotted. There were the signs of recent intense agony in his face; he looked at his brother in a strange, hungry way.

"Yo' come too, Ned?" he said. "What for? Tell me, lad, what for?"

"I come—to speak with Mr. Ellis."

"So did I. To tell him—to say to him—I almost feared the brand o' Cain to-night. To ask him—to help us both—to be better to each other. . . . 'Tain't well," he continued, looking at the clergyman and speaking with a sort of simple earnestness, "to hate your brother. Is it?"

"No," said the clergyman, dry in the throat. "Won't you two shake hands?"

And they shook, with tears glistening in their eyes.

NOVEL WAY OF FILLING A VACANCY.

NOVEL WAY OF FILLING A VACANCY.

A large London firm has adopted an unusual method of filling a vacancy in its office. The Caxton Publishing Company will shortly require a well-trained man or woman for a certain position. Instead of waiting until the situation is already vacant, the directors have decided to fill the position (the commencing salary of which is £200 per annum) by a competitive examination in the ordinary business knowledge which a competent man ought to possess. Moreover, the winner will have the option of declining the position and receiving £100 in cash in lieu of it, the company having the right, in that event, to choose one of the other competitors.

An examination of this unusual character should interest every ambitious young man or woman. The competition means more than a mere prize, it is the offer of a career. It may be recalled that so successful a business man as Mr. C. Arthur Pearson got his first start in business life by winning a situation offered in competition by the late George Newnes. Particulars of this intended examination can be obtained by writing to the Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd., 52, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

LIVING IN A



BOARDING-HOUSE

FROM A YOUNG MAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

The man who decides to leave the family roof-tree and go into the world on his own, hardly ever takes a flat or house for himself. He either goes into diggings or lives in a boarding-house.

There are, of course, boarding-houses and boarding-houses. Some are merely lodging-houses, wherein live young men who are lodged and boarded by some motherly dame for an inclusive fee—a quite harmless arrangement. Each has his own quarters, a bedroom and sitting-room, or a combined room, as the case may be, and he simply asks to be boarded in order to avoid wrestling, at the close of every week, with a long, and probably indecipherable, account from his landlady.

UNDER VARIOUS NAMES.

This is a quite innocuous type of establishment, and I have no word to say against it. The boarding-houses I refer to are the more or less pretentious establishments (nowadays a great many call themselves "private hotels," but it's "a' yin," as Wee MacGregor says) wherein all the residents congregate in a common sitting-room, and sit down at one long table, or several tables placed end to end, at every meal.

This is not the sort of place for a sane-minded, healthy chap to live in. In fact, though it seems a sweeping statement, the type of man you see there is not a sportsman. He may play "tennis" (otherwise patball) with the girls in the house, but if he joined in any kind of sport or game with men of the ordinary and better type he would probably be voted a footling old woman.

Herein lies the curse of boarding-houses. There are so many old women staying there who attach themselves to every youngster who comes to stay, that the atmosphere, metaphorically speaking, is unpleasant to the virile man.

F MALE FACTIONS.

These old beldames split themselves up into factions. Mrs. Glendower doesn't like Mrs. Weeks, because the soup-tureen comes to Mrs. W. first. Consequently she tries to get as many people as possible to side with her against Mrs. Weeks. Now, what sportingly-inclined man could sit happily in a general sitting-room with veiled warfare of this kind going on around him?

Boarding-houses, too, are notoriously the resort of *passée* spinsters, for whom the seaside season no longer has any hopes, and who cannot afford to travel even among the very cheapest British and foreign health resorts. They must get a husband at any price. So long as he has £150 or so a year it doesn't matter if he is halt, dumb, or blind.

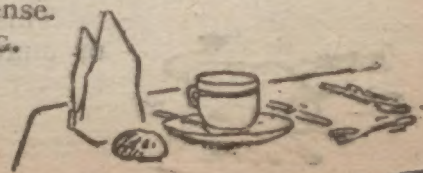
The unpleasantness about these dames lies in their so-called Bohemianism, which is affected to veil the shameless character of their advances towards the hardly inspiring young men. They will smoke cigarettes, call men "old chap," and so on—and some of them, especially of this type, will not shy at blackmail.

A TRAP.

Under the guise of this delightful Bohemianism, they will call out to some wretched male from their bedrooms as he is going up or down stairs, saying they want to show him a photograph. He will be all sorts of fool if he goes in, for they will not hesitate to use the circumstance as a lever, if necessary, to bring him up to the matrimonial scratch. I am writing in solemn earnestness, for more than one case of blackmail of the kind has come to my notice.

An even more revolting side to the life of a boarding-house is the large number of Orientals who patronise them, and who seem to have a sort of fascination for the landlady's daughters, or any young girls staying in the house. All over Bloomsbury and the Western suburbs you will meet such wretched creatures with white girls—and the pity is that the latter have not more sense.

P. L. YOUNG.



Chinstrap's Brother

OUR MILITARY EXPERT GIVES
SOME FURTHER FRATERNAL
REMINISCENCES.

In a previous gossip I told you how my brother was the first man to ride a motor bicycle along Oxford Street, and of the scenes of devastation that marked his route.

It occurs to me that you might like to hear something more about my brother. Not that I can expect you to be interested in him as a private individual, but I think he merits your kind attention as something unique in the way of—oh, well, there is a certain Biblical warning, of which I must take heed.

It is no thanks to my brother that I am alive to-day. When I was of tender years he took me to a pond to play pirates, having secretly constructed a raft—he was a great carpenter, my brother; at a later period he built a canoe, and went paddling in it, and they were over four hours bringing him round, a great waste of time, in my opinion.

With considerable prudence my brother set me afloat first, to see whether the raft would bear. It bore all right till I reached the deep part of the pond, when it felt tired and dissolved.

CHASED BY A BULL.

My brother danced about on the bank shouting to me to tread water, which was about as much use as inviting a Choctaw Indian to explain the Binomial Theorem.

If it hadn't been for a passing yokel who fished me out with a hayrake, my parents would have been saved a lot of trouble.

Then there was the incident of the mad bull. Personally, I believe it was only a cow which, annoyed no doubt by the colour of my brother's hair, attacked us as we were crossing a field.

As a naval officer, my brother has seen service and won a medal or two, so I don't want to impugn his courage. I will merely say that he was not the last over the fence by a good fifty yards.

It was my brother who taught me to smoke. He made a bet with another blackguard that I would smoke the latter's very large and very foul meerschaum pipe without being ill. I am glad to say he lost his money, and I have never since cared for meerschaums.

THE SAUSAGE EPISODE.

He also introduced me to the cup that cheers and inebriates.

He was home on leave, and we went one evening to a sort of fair or carnival. We were then staying with an extremely strict uncle and aunt, and it was pretty late when we got home.

Uncle and auntie, however, were sitting up for us, and the dear, good, kind souls had supper waiting—sausages. Sausages! Hot, fat, juicy sausages, swimming in grease, and I felt at that moment that if I could have eaten anything, the devilled leg of a butterfly would have been about my mark.

My brother took the host's chair, not, I think, because he wanted it, but because I had got as far away from the sausages as I could.

His first attempt to help me out of the flower pot in the middle of the table was not a success—it takes a better conjurer than my brother to produce sausages from a flower pot—and my uncle and aunt directed a somewhat stony gaze upon him.

RELIEVING THE TENSION.

My brother evidently felt that it was up to him to relieve the tension, and so he spoke up valiantly.

"Shosh a havage?" said he, chasing one round the plate and landing it neatly on the carpet.

The gaze of my uncle and aunt was now positively basilisk, and my brother wilted beneath it.

Pulling himself together, however, he made a supreme effort, and with an air of genial hospitality invited me to "shave a hossage."

This time it was a near thing whether uncle or auntie secured the cocoanut—I should say



sausage—but uncle was the lucky one; he got it right in the neck, just above the collar.

A painful scene, very.

Sailors are supposed to be early risers, but when at home my brother used to get up about lunch time, and I resolved to cure him of that bad habit.

One morning I knew he had an appointment to take his best girl out to lunch at one o'clock.

Shortly after 9 a.m., having previously taken the household into my confidence, I proceeded to my brother's room and asked him if he knew that it was twenty minutes to one.

He replied that he did not know it, and sprang out of bed with more energy than I had thought him capable of.

Ten minutes later he fell downstairs, glanced at the hall clock, which now marked ten minutes to one, jammed on his hat, rushed out leaving the door open, and sprinted down

the road.

On his way, so it afterwards appeared, he met a friend who remarked that he seemed to be in a hurry.

LEARNING THE TIME OF DAY.

"Rather," gasped my brother. "I've got to be at Bunter's at one, and it's nearly that now."

"Drunk again," said his friend brutally.

"What d'ye mean?" snorted my brother.

"Why, you silly cuckoo," retorted the other, "it's barely half-past nine yet."

It took one post-office and two church clocks to convince my brother, and then he came home looking for me, but I had gone fishing.

My brother rose earlier for some time after this, then relapsed into his bad habits, and the still worse one of coming down to his breakfast-lunch clad in his pyjamas and a blazer.

Thus attired, he was breakfasting one morning when I perceived the Vicar's elderly maiden sister approaching the house.

I nipped to the door, and told her that although my mother was out, she would be back in a few minutes, and invited her into the dining-room, as the drawing-room fire was not yet lit.

She came in, and as I opened the dining-room door I heard a scuffling sound and caught a glimpse of a pink pyjama leg disappearing under the table.

THE INQUISITIVE TERRIER.

The good lady was accompanied by her Aberdeen terrier, a dog of somewhat short temper, and, like most terriers, of insatiable curiosity.

He started a tour of exploration round the room, and presently he found my brother. The next few seconds were full of life and colour.

There was a snarl, a snap, and a yell. The table rose mysteriously in the air, and my brother emerged with the Aberdeen hanging on the hinder part of his pyjamas, which had become rather disarranged.

My brother did not exactly open the door. He sort of fell through it, taking the terrier with him.

Thereafter he breakfasted early, fully dressed, and with his revolver beside him.

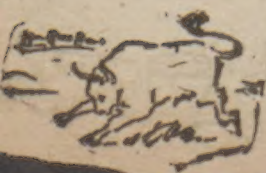
AN UNINVITED GUEST.

One of my brother's champion exploits was to lunch uninvited with a family of entire strangers. It is rather a complicated story, but the gist of it is that my brother, home on leave, was invited to lunch with the people of a ship-mate, he not having met them before. They lived in a flat, and in the same block was another family of the same name. By one of these coincidences that do happen in real life the latter family were also expecting a stranger friend of their son to lunch.

My brother got into the wrong flat, and had wolfed up most of the luncheon before the real man appeared, full of frantic apologies.

However, my brother was not much abashed. He found the right flat and had a second lunch, for, so far as I can judge, these naval Johnnies don't get enough to eat on board ship.

Then there was the affair of the Stores commission for a lady in China. He was coming home on leave, and she asked him to procure certain articles for her at the Civil Service Stores, ordering them by their catalogue numbers.



I forget exactly how it happened, I rather think he went to the Army and Navy Stores. Anyway, the lady received a very curious assortment of articles, including a double bassinette, and, as the lady had been married for about thirty years without having added to the population, there was a good deal of unpleasantness about it.

A MOTOR-CYCLE ADVENTURE.

There is also the incident of the secondhand motor-cycle. Having smashed up his first motor-bike, my brother decided to buy a secondhand one privately. He got on the track of one, the vendor of which lived in a quiet London suburb, and thither I accompanied him and his fiancée one Sunday afternoon to try the machine.

It's a long story, so I condense: While trying the bike my brother got mixed up with a brown retriever dog, an infant Sunday School, and a perambulator containing twins.

After the police and the fire brigade had dispersed, my brother, clad mainly in a newspaper, sat pensive in an upper room of the vendor's house, while down below his fiancée put in some useful work with her needle, with which touching memory of him I shall close.

"CHINSTRAP."

CLUB NEWS.

TO ALL SECRETARIES.—We shall be obliged if the secretaries of all THE MODERN MAN Clubs throughout the country will forward to us on or before Monday next, November 6, full particulars of their clubs, whether such particulars have already been sent to us or not. Give the name of the club, the address of its headquarters, the number of members, a list of its office-bearers, and any other particulars of general interest. We wish to have these details in order to bring our Club list thoroughly up-to-date.

DUNDEE.—A MODERN MAN Club has now been established in Dundee. The hon. secretary is Mr. D. S. Dott, jun., 17, Brown Constable Street, with whom all Dundee League members and readers should communicate.

EDINBURGH.—The Edinburgh MODERN MAN Club will hold a dance on Friday, December 1, at Glendinning's Rooms, 12, Pilrig Street, at 8.30 p.m. Tickets: Ladies 3s. 6d., Gentlemen 4s. Readers who wish to attend should apply for tickets to the hon. secretary at the Club's headquarters, India Buildings, Victoria Street.

BRIGHTON.—On Wednesday, November 8, the Brighton and Hove MODERN MAN Club will hold a whist drive at the Lion-hon Shop, 42, Preston Street. Tickets, including refreshments, cost 1s. 3d., and can be had from the hon. secretary, Mr. G. Lord, 86, Shaftesbury Road, Brighton.

BIRMINGHAM.—A big smoker is to be held next Wednesday, November 1, and another on November 8, at the headquarters of the Birmingham MODERN MAN Club, 46, New Street.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.
9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant	6s.		
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant	12s.		

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by following from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:

Narrow-bat bands (made up and adjustable).....	1s. 4½d., post free
Wide bow-ties	1s. 5½d., " "
Wide-ended silk ties	2s. 5½d., " "
Silk mufflers	4s. 11d., " "

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with 1d. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose 1d. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....



The League Badge. Actual Size.



IN DEFENCE OF WOMAN.

A REPLY TO THE RECENT ARTICLE ON THE HOSTILITY OF SEX.

I know exactly what is the matter with Mr. Stephen Partridge. He has fallen into the common error of supposing that a class or a sex can be reduced to a type.

He would have it that all women are alike; that there exists a general feminine standard, to which all women faithfully conform; in short that, excepting trifling outward differences of features and figure, every woman is precisely like every other woman.

Now this is just about as true as saying that there exists a universal typical Man: a man who always takes for himself the tit-bit from the dish, who gives way to childish displays of temper when his food is not quite ready at the moment he expects it, and who is lamentably incompetent to look after himself when sickness or a lost button is his affliction.

MORALITY AND SEX.

As a matter of fact, women individually are radically different, some being bad, and a few very good, and the others—the majority—a mixture of good and bad, like all the rest of humanity beneath the sun.

And Mr. Partridge must remember—which I am sure he has only temporarily forgotten—that virtues are not the monopoly of one particular sex; that there is no such thing as a masculine or a feminine virtue, and that virtue and vice, wherever they exist, are human attributes, common to both male and female. In a word, morality, as we know it, is a quality devoid of sex.

Were this not so, there would need to be separate laws for men and women—laws based on a variance of nature and habit: an unworkable proposition, in spite of the undoubted fact that certain inequalities already exist, which every right-minded person would be glad to see altered.

LOVE'S SWEET UNREST.

Accordingly, then, Mr. Stephen Partridge is either wrong in his particularised indictment of women, or what he says against them is equally applicable to men.

He would have it that when a man loves a woman, he also at the same time dislikes her, because, as he expresses it, she upsets "his peace of mind."

So evidently it is Mr. Partridge's ideal to be serene and placid in all matters appertaining to the heart. Of Romeo's passion or Othello's tempestuous despair, he would have none; neither of Keats's "sweet unrest."

Then, a woman's word "is not to be trusted." Her smile is deceptive; her love a snare. "Only when a man has ceased to care for a woman does she truly begin to love him."

MUTUAL LOVE.

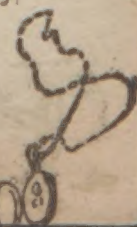
So there is no such thing as mutual love, according to Mr. Partridge! There is no such thing as a happy marriage. And a wife who would confide in her husband, telling him of the inner secret intimacies of her heart, and her strange, sweet yearnings, and how, together, they can walk hand in hand through life, strong by reason of the strength and sustenance of each other—this woman's word is untrustworthy, and she is lying to further some furtive scheme of her own!

It is only charitable to believe that Mr. Partridge, in his passion for epigram, has forgotten his better judgment.

Likewise with the one-sided accusation that women read their love-letters one to another, and "repeat in detail the sacredest conversation." And does a man never say, "Oh, so-and-so, you know! Absolutely chucked herself at me!"? Or, "Between you and me, old chap, I don't want to say a word, but still . . . I've only got to lift my finger." And in other ways magnify his "dogginess" by allusions to past and present conquests.

Finally, space being exhausted, will Mr. Partridge forgive me if I ask him if his mother was a woman? And if, in his life, he has had no experience of the deep, tender sympathy with which a woman will comfort a man when he is in sorrow or need or any other kind of adversity?

DORA LANCASTER.





AN ARTICLE THAT ALL WHO RUN SHOULD READ.

It is interesting to note what fluctuations steeplechases on foot have undergone of late years in public favour. In the early days of organised athletic meetings, they were very popular, but then, for various reasons, they fell into disuse. Some thirty years ago, however, their vogue returned, and ever since they have been included in the programme at most sports.

It is hardly with the "sports" form of steeplechase that I intend to deal, however; for, alas! at most sports meetings the fixture is intended rather to please lovers of the ridiculous than to afford genuine sport.

UNREASONABLE OBSTACLES.

Enormous water-jumps, which even a C. B. Fry could not clear, and from which the runners are compelled to crawl, filthy with mud and with tadpoles and other cheerful gentry dropping out of their hair; huge fences covered with prickles, whose only object is to allow the spectators to enjoy the athletes' pain when they land in the middle of them—this is the sort of miserable exhibition into which "athletic sports" steeplechases have degenerated.

It is with considerable relief that the true sportsman's mind turns to the real steeplechase, that is, the one which is held across country—a country well chosen for its sporting obstacles, but no part of which has been artificially prepared or enclosed.

It is particularly in steeplechases that the type of athlete whom we may call the stylist scores. Over a tiring country he knows best of all how to husband his strength. Although it is the man with stamina who generally wins, still a man with immense staying-power and no style will often be beaten by a stylist of far less physical endurance.

AT THE JUMPS.

Jumping is undoubtedly the department of steeplechasing which shows up a man's style more than any. There is an art in clearing fences and hurdles so as to save effort that can only be acquired after lengthy practice.

A clever jumper takes hurdles, of course, in his stride, and never goes an inch higher than he need.

At the water-jump there will very often be a fairly high fence on one side, for the water jump is generally a ditch of muddy water. If this ditch is very wide, the 'cute steeplechaser makes no attempt to get right over. He simply jumps the fences, with the intention of landing, or rather dropping, far enough into the water to touch the other side by stretching out his arms. Then he can haul himself out with as little loss of time as possible.

Possibly, however, there is a chance of "clearing it with a kick," to use a runner's expression, which describes a very tricky performance that needs sedulous practice.

It consists of jumping so as to land on top of the fence and at the same moment springing lightly but strongly from the fence right over the water.

"GALLERY RUNNERS."

Then there is the "gallery" runner, who loves to rush at such a water-jump and clear both fence and ditch at a bound. There is, of course, always a great roar of applause when such an attempt is successful, but in reality it is very bad tactics. First, the odds are you won't get over; and second, even if you do, you are wasting your strength woefully.

A word now about landing after a jump. Never come down on both feet at once. If you do, the result is a dead stop, and considerable loss of time. If you come down on one foot, you can dash off again in an instant. It is with this object that most steeplechase stylists take off from the right foot, jump slightly sideways, and alight easily on the ball of the left foot.

BERNARD MAY.

MY NOTEBOOK.

WAITING FOR A REPLY.

A short time ago, as you doubtless remember, we published an article by Mr. Stephen Partridge entitled "The Hostility of Sex." When this article was submitted to me, I was struck by the writer's gift of terse expression, and also by the truth of many of the opinions he expressed, but I did not suppose for a moment that he had said the last word upon that most fascinating of topics—woman.

I waited for some fair reader to take up the cudgels for her sex, and to do so in a manner as able as that of Mr. Partridge himself.

On the morning following the publication of the article there reached this office several so-called replies, and from that time onwards they have come in with more or less frequency, but I waited in vain for a reply that was worth printing until I received the one from Miss Lancaster, which appears on another page, and which is every bit as good as Mr. Partridge's original article.

FAIR CRITICS.

The majority of those who wrote so-called replies to the article confined themselves not to disputing Mr. Partridge's statements, but to personal invective against him.

"The article," says one writer whose effort lies before me, "was rubbish from beginning to end, and I don't know why you should print such things. This Partridge is a sour-tempered boor, and what he needs most is a change of air, or a pill."

I hasten to assure this fair critic that had the article been rubbish I should not have printed it, and also that far from his being a dyspeptic, I can vouch for the fact that Mr. Partridge is a very hale and hearty young man, as I have had the pleasure of meeting him.

Miss Lancaster, on the other hand, has nothing unkind to say about the writer of the article, but disputes his assertions with what may be called Parliamentary courtesy.

That is the essence of a good reply, but it is very seldom that one finds it. Usually the replies which are sent in after the publication of a one-sided article, are illiterate and uninteresting. Very often the writers endeavour to ensure publication by finishing with the sentence: "I challenge you to publish this reply." But editors are not to be tempted—either with gold, or threats, or challenges.

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

Now that the winter season has commenced I frequently receive from readers requests for assistance in the matter of debates. They have undertaken to uphold or attack a certain position, and they want me to tell them the arguments which will be useful, and, in fact, to do the whole job for them.

This sort of thing hardly strikes me as playing the game. Debating societies are useful in teaching a man to speak fluently, and to get rid of nervousness. They educate him to think quickly, and to put his thoughts into words; but these advantages are negated if you are merely memorising and voicing the opinions of someone else.

In some debates it is necessary to have a sufficient supply of data and statistics. These can always be obtained from the reference department of the local library.

The assistants in these departments are usually very obliging.

A NOTE TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

I recently invited all those now joining the MODERN MAN League to state the name of their regiment, if they happened to be territorial, and I am glad to say that many have done so.

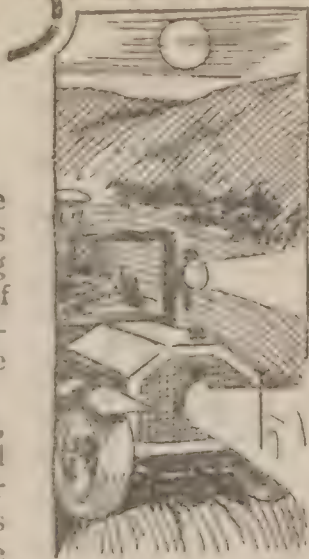
I would now suggest that applicants might also add a note as to their profession or trade. This, of course, need not be published.

It sometimes happens that we can put business, either by recommendation or otherwise, in the way of people in provincial towns, and, of course, it is more pleasant to be able to do a friend a good turn than to do it to a stranger.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

LIGHTS AND SIGNALS ON VEHICLES



PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SAFETY OF ALL WHO USE THE ROADS AFTER DARK.

Now that the dark nights of the year are drawing on, and motorists, cyclists, and drivers of horse-drawn vehicles alike will be abroad long after the official lighting-up hour, the anomaly of laws and bye-laws that regulate the carrying of lights on vehicles will become once more

when the Lights on Vehicles Act was passed, making it compulsory for the users of wheeled conveyances to exhibit lights from one hour after sunset to one hour before sunrise, a very serious omission was made. There is no provision in the Act by which such lights should be employed as would render it possible to distinguish the nature of the approaching vehicle while yet it is at some distance.

It is really as important to a man driving in the dark to know approximately what size and probable speed the approaching vehicle possesses, as to know that it is coming; this might easily have been provided for in a single clause of the Bill had any of our sapient legislators had the common-sense to think the question out.

THE LAW IS INSUFFICIENT.

At the present moment the law only compels the owner of any vehicle to carry one light in front on the off-side, and leaves it to the local county council to decide whether a tail light shall also be carried, except in the case of motor-cars.

The driver of a cart, for instance, going in one direction, may see the single light in the distance without being able to tell whether it is carried on a motor-car, a carriage, a bicycle, an ordinary cycle, or a hay-cart. Hence he is unable to judge how quickly it is approaching him, and what space he will require to give it in order to pass in

the following arrangements for the carrying of lights have been carefully thought out by one who has been accustomed to travel a great deal at night as those best calculated to assist drivers in avoiding risk of collision and other road accidents.

SUGGESTED RULES.

(1) All motor-cars should carry four white lights in front. (2) Tri-cars (which do not take so much of the road nor travel so fast) should carry three head-lights arranged to form a triangle, with the single light as apex to the others.

(3) Motor-cycles should display two white lights, one above the other. If a side-trailer is attached this should carry a single light on the outside.

(4) Horse-drawn vehicles should carry two lights, one on each side of the cart or carriage as at present, and it should be longer sufficient to show a single light on the off-side if now is.

(5) The ordinary "push" cycles should show a single light in front of the handle-bars, as at present.

(6) All vehicles should be compelled to show a red tail light, with the exception of the ordinary cycle, which might carry a ruby reflector instead.

WHAT MOTORISTS MIGHT DO.

These rules should have been embodied in the recent Act of Parliament; but there is no need to pass another Act in order to bring them into force. The Board of Trade, which has the regulations for carrying lights at sea, possesses the power to issue a universal order enforcing the suggested rules; but even without such action they might be introduced.

The Automobile Association and Motor Union in combination could compel motorists to use the lights suggested for the classes of conveyance with which they are respectively concerned; and it should not be difficult for the various county councils to take uniform action in the matter of other kinds of wheeled traffic.

With perhaps the exception of some obstinate and conservative farmers in remote country districts, should be any opposition to such an eminently sensible set of regulations, since they would ensure the practical safety of classes of users of the roads after dark—not merely of one class

At the same time, a standard of power in the lights used, based on the unit of one candle, should be drawn up. The ordinary cyclist should be permitted to use a light of from one to five candle-power, horse-drawn vehicles having the same power, motor-cyclists from five to ten candle-power, and motor-cars should have a margin of from ten to fifteen candle-power.

This would prevent the use of the glaring head-lights at present employed by inconsiderate drivers, which, while rendering the road more clearly visible to the man behind the steering-wheel, are blinding to the man he passes, and a very frequent cause of accident.

Another road nuisance that might be regulated by the same method and at the same time lies in the various sound-signals used both by day and by night to announce the approach of the faster types of traffic.

UNIFORM SOUND-SIGNALS.

For motor-cars and tri-cars the present syren, if not of too powerful a nature, might perhaps be retained, leaving the ordinary pneumatic hooter to the motor-cyclist.

"Push" cyclists should be restricted to the use of the bell and forbidden to use hooters and syrens.

Ordinary horse-drawn vehicles do not need, owing to their normal size and moderate speed, any distinctive sound-signal; nor should their drivers be permitted to employ such, but it might be permissible to use police-whistles in any case of emergency where they were likely to prove of practical utility.

RICHARD SINCLAIR.

THE BOXER'S SECONDS.

Under National Sporting Club rules, a boxer is allowed two seconds, and their names must be submitted to the committee for approval beforehand.

In practice, however, a boxer is usually allowed to be accompanied by a reasonable number of honorary seconds, though these may not enter the ring without special permission.

If a second breaks any of the rules, as, for example, by entering the ring or giving any advice during a round, his principal is liable to instant disqualification.

THE ENGLISH CUP.

A QUESTION OF INTEREST TO ALL FOOTBALL ENTHUSIASTS.

Next Saturday, November 4, is the date of the third round of the English Football Association Cup, which is a reminder that we are getting on well into the football season. The competition proper—in other words, the sequel to the so-called "qualifying rounds"—does not begin until January 13th, 1912, and herein lie some interesting and not very widely-known facts.

First of all, the four clubs which took part in the semi-final ties last season, and forty-eight additional clubs, which competed in the English Cup last year, are exempted from the qualifying rounds. That is, they only take part in the competition proper. Of the clubs in the qualifying competition, twenty-four are chosen by the F.A. Council and exempted from the first four rounds of the initial stages.

The winners of the first four rounds then meet those twenty-four clubs and play two rounds. Twelve clubs survive, and these find their way into the competition proper.

Thus we see that in the actual competition sixty-four clubs are engaged and these are invariably representatives of the big professional leagues.

It is here that we come upon a rather interesting question. Is this exemption from the elementary stages of one competition of those who did well in another quite in accordance with the spirit of sportsmanship? Surely though a club did better than another last year there is no reason, on sporting grounds, why it should claim an advantage this year.

Why not shuffle all the clubs up together—in their own respective standards, as far as possible, without exempting any of them?



RAPID PHYSICAL

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

DIET.

THE STUPIDITY OF FREAK FEEDING.

One of the things against which the teacher of Physical Culture has to contend is the prejudice which exists in many quarters regarding the important subject of diet.

There is no reason why a man should adopt a freak diet. Good ordinary food that is well cooked is the best for the Physical Culturist, as it is for every other man.

There are, of course, some things which do not agree with individuals. I have known, for example, men who could not digest carrots, and there are many who find boiled fish indigestible, although they can enjoy fried fish. Others, again, have to draw the line at cabbage, and in a case like that a judicious man strikes the offending item out of his dietary, but apart from such minor exceptions, he eats just what other people eat.

On the other hand, there are some who seem to think that because a freak form of diet is unpleasant, it must of necessity do them good. Here is a letter from a reader of this page. I do not give the name of his town, in case he should be identified by his acquaintances:

"Dear Sir,—As I do not eat meat or vegetables, but live mostly on cereals, milk, and extracts, my friends tell me that I shall never have big muscles, or have enough stamina to do a heavy day's work at tree-lifting or other such heavy work. I am a nurseryman and gardener by trade.

"So I have decided to write and ask your opinion, and so enclose principle measurements. I find an hour's heavy work quite tires me, although at light work I can keep on all day, and not feel particularly done up at the end of the day. I find meat and vegetables upset me. I occasionally try a plateful, but it makes me feel sick and 'blown out.'

"I am just seventeen, stand 5ft. 7in., weigh 9st., and chest measurement 30in."

Comment is almost needless. I have advised him to eat just what other people eat, and to drop such silly crankishness. If he adopts my advice, his chest measurement will not long remain at thirty inches.

Vegetarianism may be useful in special cases—for example, it occasionally produces good results with rheumatic patients—but it should never be adopted unless a doctor who is not himself a vegetarian prescribes it.

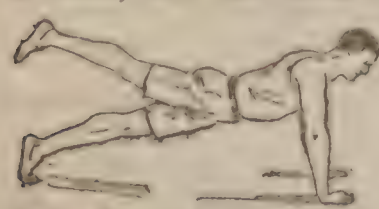
A CHEST, ARM, AND LEG DEVELOPER.

NOT TO BE PRACTISED BY THOSE WHO ARE ORGANICALLY WEAK.

Place yourself on the floor, resting the weight of the body on the toes and on the hands, keeping the arms straight and stiff.

Now raise the left arm, as indicated in the first illustration. While raising it, do not permit the body to alter its position. You will feel inclined to let the left shoulder go up, but this you must resist.

Hold the hand in the position indicated for three seconds, and then lower it steadily to the starting position.



Exercising the legs.

Repeat the exercise with the right hand, and then alternately with right and left.

When you have done this eight or ten times with either hand, exercise the legs in a similar manner.



Developing the arms.



DEVELOPMENT

While keeping the hands firmly planted upon the floor, raise the right leg as high as possible, keeping the toe well pointed downwards, and maintaining the straightness of the leg and the position of the body.

Hold the leg in this position for a few seconds, lower the foot slowly back to the floor, do the exercise with the left leg, and repeat with alternate legs several times.

This is a strenuous exercise which I do not advocate for those who have weak hearts. For the organically fit, however, it affords a rapid method of developing not only the muscles of the arms, legs, and chest, but also the lateral muscles of the abdomen.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

F. W. (Kenilworth).—(1) Six feet is certainly tall for a youngster of nineteen, but some men do all their growing early. You can scarcely expect to be proportionately broad for some time, but in a year or so you will probably fill out and be a fine specimen of a man. (2) Horse-riding does not place an undue strain on the abdominal muscles if you ride with stirrups of a comfortable length.

M. W. (Fife).—You will probably have to confine your sprinting practice to Saturday afternoons, as you say you have no time to exercise till after dark. I have known enthusiasts, however, who have practised sprinting in moonlight, or with a couple of lanterns placed at the end of a field. Where there's a will, you know—

R. C. F. (Southwark).—Better colour will come to you with better health. Get that right by plenty of exercise and by sleeping with your bedroom windows open.

R. M. (Sheffield).—You say you practise Physical Culture regularly, and put your mind into the exercises, and yet your muscles do not seem to grow. There must be something wrong somewhere, for healthy muscles will always grow when exercised. Better have yourself overhauled by a medical man.

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Experiments on Human Beings

Independent Investigation on food power of **BOVRIL**!

A Report made at the Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association in Birmingham (July, 1911) revealed some remarkable results of physiological experiments showing the body-building power of Bovril.

These experiments were carried out on human beings by Independent Scientific Authorities. They confirmed the striking results of the Feeding Experiments conducted last year on animals, which proved that the body-building power of Bovril was from

10 to 20 times the amount taken

But these exhaustive experiments, the full details of which were given in the Medical Journals, have further conclusively demonstrated that

"in the human experiments the increase was even more marked"

The conclusions which particularly interest the public and which are now incontrovertibly established by these latest tests are as follow:—

1. The Remarkable Food Value of Bovril itself.
2. The peculiar power of Bovril in enabling the system to extract greater nutriment from ordinary foods.
3. That these two properties together give Bovril a body-building power of from 10 to 20 times the amount taken. (See diagram.)

That is to say, Bovril is not only a great body-builder in itself, but it also enables other foods to feed the body more; so that the amount of good that Bovril does is out of all proportion to the amount

of Bovril taken. This important fact explains the value of Bovril in bringing up the defensive forces of the body to their highest power, and in protecting the system against the dangers of winter.

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In the above diagram the large block represents the body-building power of Bovril, and the small block represents the body-building power of other foods.

TROOPER

KERNAHAN'S

SLACKER

A TERRITORIAL STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Inside the bandroom in the drill hall at Brermouth, the band of the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry practised over once again the difficult second movement of "In the Shadows"—not entirely to the satisfaction of the critical ear of Trooper Stephen, who, with Trooper Carteret, watched the recruits at drill.

The bandmaster, a jovial if rather lean person, poked his head out of the door of the practice-room.

"That better, Mr. Stephen?" he asked.

"Leg doesn't want pulling, thanks," said Trooper Stephen, minding a time when his criticism of a rendering of the "Teddy Bear's Picnic" had resulted in his being handed the bâton with an invitation to conduct the piece. Piano music is easy to follow, so is that of every instrument to the player thereof, but the conductor's score to the uninitiated is, to say the least of it, confusing.

"Besides, I'm not saying anything averse. In your new march you seem to miss out parts—that's all. Of course, I suppose that doesn't make a lot of difference to a church parade crowd, who are out to see the girls, or who imagine the girls are out to see them. But please understand that I don't for a moment say I can conduct better than you. No, thank you."

"Don't. Sousa couldn't under these circumstances, young man. You see, half the blighters make fiancée nights of band nights. They either don't turn up at all or they come and look at the score, thinking of Arabella the beautiful. That's the worst of a volunteer crowd. Take 'In the Shadows,' for instance. It's wasted on more than half of 'em. Here am I conducting the piece right through, and 50 per cent. are lookin' at it for the first time. It's heart breakin'," he concluded, miserably.

At that moment Trooper Kernahan, who had been stamping round with the recruits, having been asked by the sergeant-major to become the shining example, took up a position for sword drill, back to the troop and facing the door of the bandroom.

"I can sympathise with you, Bandmaster," said he, feelingly. "In a way I'm in your line myself. Some of these merchants, especially one or two of 'em, turn up about once in three weeks. Here am I about to take 'em through the draw and return swords, and—well, it's just as you said about your band. Some of 'em had only just looked at the blade of their pigstickers when they've been showing off at home in front of their mothers and their aunts. Our Little Willie with his big sword—you know the sort of thing, Stephen. You wore your uniform with your sword for two days right off (doubtless to the delight of the family) when you first had it."

"That was years ago. It isn't fair to chip a chap about that," said Stephen hotly. "I was only a kid."

"Well, what are these chaps, Territorially? You're too bally particular about distinctions. All right, sergeant-major. I was only asking my admirers, here, if I looked handsome enough for the occasion. I'm ready when you are, sir."

Troopers Stephen and Carteret watched that little drill, cheering Kernahan the while with allusions to the fact that it was a very good thing that his back was turned.

"Young Bexson is keeping South Eastern and Chatham time," said Carteret in explanation.

"Is he, by George! I shall say a few words to that young man after. He's one of the Johnnies gaily tootling through the piece without ever having seen the music before, Bandmaster."

"Fail to see the 'gaily,'" said Stephen.

Ten minutes later Master Bexson, ætat eighteen and absurdly self-conscious, was learning from the lips of Kernahan that "B" Squadron had no connection whatever with the Boys' Brigade or the "Daily Mirror" fresh air physical culture school.

"It's serious," he said. "Why the deuce don't you drop slacking, and turn up a little more often?"



"I don't see what it's got to do with you, Kernahan!" said Trooper Bexson, gazing down at his big boots, whereon were still the signs of his trade. It needed no Sherlock Holmes to mark him down as an embryo master baker.

Trooper Kernahan turned on his heel. "Very well," he said quietly.

The next moment the big hand of the recruit was grasping Kernahan's arm. "I didn't mean that," he said. "I'm fagged, and it makes me short-tempered, I suppose."

He sat down with evident relief on a wooden bench past which Trooper Kernahan had been wending his way. Kernahan regarded him oddly. The young British recruit, properly considered, does not sit down at the first opportunity.

"You stop there a minute," he said, "and I'll come back to you."

He walked swiftly to the stairway that led to the Yeomanry room. In the big hall, old Mack, the cleaner, was turning out all the arc-lights, leaving only the one in the corner where Trooper Bexson was seated.

Kernahan paused to look back at the boy—he was little more. Under the one big light that cut the gloom he was very pale. His eyes closed slowly.

Trooper Kernahan gave no further time to speculation. He called up the stairs softly: "Stephen—Carteret!"

They were talking to the sergeant-major, he knew, on the turn in the landing.

"Hullo!" came the reply.

"Come down—and ask the sergeant-major to come with you. Don't make more noise than the horse artillery going into action. I've reasons," he said.

"Plan to blow up the band, I expect," Stephen laughed. "Please to remember the Fifth of November."

"Shut up, you ass!"

"All right."

The bandmaster, for the sake of his jangled nerves, had switched his men on to the "Druid's Prayer Waltz," a favourite composition at the bygone camp. Scouting round empty barns that re-echo like the sounding-boards in a theatre, had taught the veterans of "B" Squadron to move softly when occasion demanded. Not the sound of a footstep interrupted the piano passage in the waltz from the time the three commenced their progress downstairs to their standing beside Kernahan.

Kernahan motioned them to the doorway that gave the view into the drill hall.

"Look!" he said, simply.

The waltz swung on to the main melody *pianissimo*. The band was excelling itself in the soft yet incisive interpretation it was giving to the passage.

It did not disturb the sleeper, seemed rather to lull the tired head that nodded . . . and nodded . . . and dropped lower, till presently the boy's chin was on his chest.

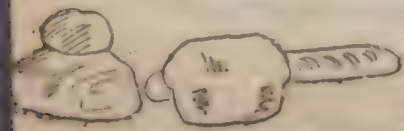
Kernahan lightly touched his fellow watchers, and they followed him upstairs.

"Name and address of employer, 'Major, please,'" he said concisely. "Also any maps you can give us—Stephen and Carteret will accompany me—to assist us in reconnoitring the position."

Ten minutes later, leaving the sergeant-major to see that Trooper Bexson should be honoured with an invitation to join him in a cup of reviving coffee when he should awake, Troopers Kernahan, Stephen, and Carteret were making their way through the main street of Brermouth, thence to the Old Town, where there are many picturesque alleyways, and sobs and groans and raucous shouting in vague corners that tell of lives that pay with misery for the adjective that dear, kind, white-bearded old antiquarians apply to their delightfully quaint "neighbourhood."

Bisecting these alleyways is the scrupulously clean Westgate Street, where flourish the shops that trade with the people of these mean habitations, and in each shop there is a notice pointing out the futility of asking for credit.

(Continued on Page 248.)



A Situation at £200 a Year

offered to our Readers.

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THE Caxton Publishing Co. Ltd. will shortly have a vacancy for a well-trained business man or woman.

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The Examination is of an interesting character, and no question in it will be found beyond the capacity of an average business mind. Competitors are allowed to use works of reference and to quote them as their authority for the answers given. As it is impossible to print in the limited space of this announcement the whole of the particulars, a brief Prospectus of the Examination has been prepared, indicating the character and scope of the Examination, which will be sent post free on receipt of the coupon at the bottom of next column.

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It is distinctly understood that sending for the Prospectus of the Examination does not commit any reader to the intention of entering the Competition. You may be already engaged in business for your own benefit, or may be earning a higher salary. But the Examination project will nevertheless interest you. You may wish to bring it to the attention of some employer, some junior, or some friend. It is quite certain that the research and thought which would be bestowed on business subjects will make your employee or subordinate more useful in his or her work.

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new trains of business thought, and perhaps bring you into contact with ideas having practical value. Without consuming many hours of your time, it will offer you profitable recreation during the long evenings. And, in addition, there are eleven substantial prizes.

To the Ambitious Man or Woman.

But, on the other hand, if you are employed in work which does not give full scope to your talents, or are not paid according to your merits, or see no prospects and security of employment before you, this Business Examination offers a unique opportunity. The commencing salary is substantial, but it only represents the beginning of what a man or woman of thorough

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TROOPER KERNAHAN'S SLACKER (Continued from p. 246)

Poor Trust lies dead under the knife of Bad Pay in allegorical pictures in every shop.

"Here it is. George Brissen, Baker and Confectioner—one time Corporal in the Blue Dragoons," said Kernahan musingly. "Now, come on, Stephen. Just roll off that regimental march of theirs, will you, so as to see whether we've got it right."

"Nice thing this is," said Stephen, suddenly remembering he was the manager of Brermouth's biggest hotel, "to have to go and pander to your baker."

"Pander be hanged! Haven't you any notion of strategy?" Kernahan said appealing. "Now come on." They approached the threshold of the best, if not the showiest breadmaker in the town—"taking time" from your Brigadier-bally-General."

The regimental march of the Blue Dragoons, which is interspersed with "Annie Laurie" in march time, for some unaccountable reason (Carteret's suggestion that the bandmaster who composed it mixed up Scotch whisky drinking with his *magnum opus*, being put aside by the chronicler as frivolous), was borne clearly through from the shop to ex-Corporal Brissen, who was sitting perusing the evening paper in the back parlour.

He jumped up and squared his shoulders. Somehow he forgot his white-dusted cap, and walked, or perhaps "marched" better describes it, through to the shop.

"Why—why, where the devil did you hear that?" he asked.

"Well, from our sergeant-major; Brighton his name is. Don't you remember? You and he were at Rangoon together—"

"The night," Carteret put in sweetly, "when you and he were caught by men of both your and his regiments making very furious love to a couple of Burmese girls."

Ex-Corporal Brissen knocked over a wooden peck measure at the right moment.

"Don't talk so loud," he said.

"Has the—has the sergeant-major mentioned this to anyone else?"

"Not at present," rejoined Kernahan. "But that's not the business we came about. Mr. Stephen, here, has called in to order—"

"If he will excuse me, I will take his order in a minute, sir. But has the sergeant-major told you anything else about Burma?"

"No; but I gather you chaps didn't half have a time one way and another. Reg'lar nuts you were."

Ex-Corporal Brissen was a rich pink.

"I must give you my order and be getting away," said Stephen, tapping his foot with a fine show of impatience.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. But if you could understand my position, sir, I've given up the Army and—such things. It's all very well for the sergeant-major, but I supply all the most respectable houses, the leading houses. So if you wouldn't mind asking the sergeant-major not to—"

"You'd better come along and see him yourself, Mr. Brissen," said Stephen. "He's often said that although he has heard you are rather averse to Territorials as a body, you wouldn't be at all displeased with our lot."

"Half a minute," said Trooper Kernahan, wrinkling his forehead.

"Why, yes, it's you," he said presently. "You've got a chap in your employ named Bexson. Awful slacker, always late for his drills, and seems blessed tired before he gets there. Now, as an old soldier with—er—memories about the good times you had as a soldier, Mr. Brissen, in Burma and other places—"

"No, I've forgot 'em—forgot 'em, sir. I'm married. It's all very well for Corporal Brighton (he was Corporal Brighton then), but—"

"Oh, don't bother to tell us. You can run over all that with him when you come up to the drill hall and give us a look," said Trooper Kernahan. "I was saying that as an old soldier you naturally take an interest in a young man who is volunteering to defend his country. Well, we want you to buck up this young man, Bexson. He's a good worker, and I gather he doesn't mind putting in a lot more time than the act allows. But he's a dam slack soldier. You understand, Mr. Brissen?"

Kernahan looked ex-Corporal Brissen straight in the eyes.

"I've an idea," he said, "that you will help us in this matter. You'll see he's sent off at his right time to his

drills every week? It's the sympathy of the employer we have to elicit in these matters," he went on mildly. "I'm glad I've had an opportunity of seeing you. Sergeant-major Brighton and you will be able to talk over old times next Monday if you care to stroll up. And you will see about Bexson, eh?"

Ex-Corporal Brissen surveyed Trooper Kernahan with the eyes of understanding.

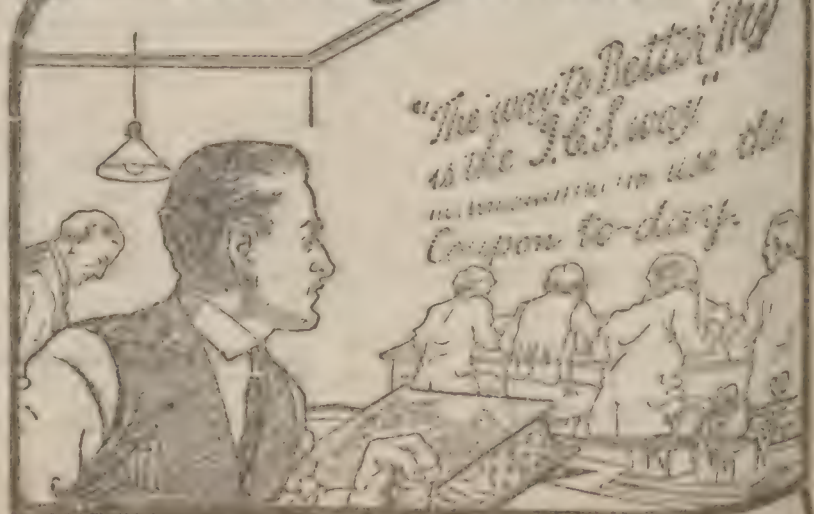
"I shall have to see that boy is—er—regular in his attendances, and tell him not to be so slack."

"Quite right," said Kernahan. "Little things like that are so apt to give a business a bad name in these days of strenuous competition, Mr. Brissen. Buck up with your order, Stephen. We must be cutting along."

Outside, silencing the puerile joy of Trooper Carteret, who was in the seventh heaven over the flicking on the raw of ex-corporal Brissen regarding the Burmese incident, Trooper Kernahan saw fit to make a remark.

"I think," he said, "that we've seen the last of Trooper Bexson in the character of the Sleeping Beauty."

The Writing on the Wall



If you are dissatisfied with your present work, your present rate of pay, if you want to improve your position, then "The Writing on the Wall" means something for you. But without investigation you will not be a step further towards materialising your ideals.

When in competition for a good job the battle is won if you are an I.C.S. man. The simple fact that you have had I.C.S. training tells employers that you know your business technically, theoretically, practically. I.C.S. men have their heads in their work—and employers know it. An I.C.S. trained man is never an ordinary worker. Whether he is in commercial life or at a bench, in drawing office or machine shop, he is a better man, a more masterful man—a better paid man than his untrained fellows.

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OUR "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS.

SOME FURTHER AMUSING EXPERIENCES OF READERS.

From the many letters which have reached us regarding our readers' experiences with our postcards, we select the following extracts:

"I have had a lot of fun with your postcards," says a Forest Hill reader, "but the most amusing incident happened the first day I got the cards. I got into a L.C.C. car at the terminus when no one else was in it. I went along to the far end of the car, laid down one of the postcards on the seat, and then came back and sat beside the driver."

"A middle-aged gentleman, who had a very stern expression, and who seemed to have no sense of humour, was the first to enter the car. He sat down half-way along, then saw the postcard, and went to pick it up. He read it through, and when he saw he had been 'had,' there was never a flicker of a smile, and he flung it back on the seat."

THE WRONG MAN.

"The next to come in was a young man, who pointed to the card and said to the middle-aged gentleman: 'Your card, sir?' The middle-aged gentleman shook his head very severely. Then two little boys came in, and one of them pointed to the card, and said to the old gentleman: 'Is that your card?' for it was lying beside him. Again he frowned and shook his head."

"Then one of the kids read the card, and they both began to grin, and one of them said to the other: 'It was that put it down,' and they looked at the middle-aged gentleman, and grinned again."

"When the car filled up, they passed the card along from one passenger to another, and at length one of the youngsters went up to the middle-aged passenger and said: 'Please, sir, would you mind letting me have another card? My brother wants to keep this one.' Everyone in the car then thought that he was the culprit. I lay low and said nothing."

A POLICEMAN'S EXPERIENCES.

The following reaches us from a Birmingham reader, who is a member of the local police force: "I think my experiences with your postcards will make a Sherlock Holmes of me before I am finished," he writes. "Being a policeman, nobody thinks it odd for me to loaf about, and so, when I drop a card, I can hang round and watch it without creating suspicion."

"I dropped one under a lamp, and stood facing the other direction, but keeping a glance on the card. Along came a man and his wife who had been doing their Saturday-night shopping, and the man picked it up and put it in his pocket, without even glancing at it. Apparently he was after the halfpenny stamp."

"Sometimes I have gone boldly up to people and said: 'Excuse me, but did you drop this?' and some of them at once reply: 'Yes. How silly of me.' They seem to be the make, and I think that the trade of policeman is yet played out."

A Portsmouth reader says: "I would tell you my most amusing experience if I could, but I don't know what exactly happened; I can only imagine."

"A local preacher who lives round by Southsea was walking under the bridge just beside the South-Western station, when I thought I would give him a card. It had just left off raining, and he had not rolled up his umbrella, so I walked slowly past him, and managed to slip a card into it. Knowing the man, I have had many a chuckle when I thought about what he would say when he spotted the card."

HOW TO GET A SUPPLY.

As we have already said, we are giving away these postcards, entirely free of charge, to any reader who may care to have a supply of them. They are highly artistic cards, with photographs of athletes, stage favourites, and other celebrities. On the address side of the card there appear a few words in a facsimile handwriting, and it is these words that bring forth the inevitable inquiry: "Where is Nice Place?"

If you want to have some, send a large stamped and addressed envelope to "Nice Place," THE MODERN MAN'S OFFICES, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

When you receive them, drop one on the pavement, move off a short distance, and wait for the fun.



THE SATURDAY FEELING

ITS CONTRIBUTION TO HUMAN HAPPINESS.

The Saturday feeling is the feeling which comes softly stealing over you at about mid-day on Friday.

You are hardly conscious of it, except in the way of a subtle lightening of the spirits.

I am assuming that you are business-bound for five and a half days in the week, and that on Saturday afternoon the shackles will be cast off, not to be renewed again until dismal Monday morning.

Hapless creatures who can holiday all the week! They know nothing of the joy which comes with the thought of Saturday.

DIFFERENT MEN, DIFFERENT MEEKS.

On Saturday the great conglomerate bulk of workers stir themselves to make what pleasure they can. Hundreds of thousands of simple, honest hearts revel in the spectacle of football. Harriers turn out in multitudes. Men meet their pals and go for a long country walk. Cyclists bestride their machines, and eat up the half-century of miles before bedtime, looking forward to as much again on the morrow.

The suburban paterfamilias goes home and spends the afternoon pottering about in his front garden, or indulging in more vigorous spadework in the garden at the back. The epic poem is overdue which shall do proper justice to the clashing rivalry and joys and fears which animate the suburban amateur gardener in his efforts to outdo the man next door.

The studious man regards the time as one when he may cast aside the cares of earning his living, and may indulge himself to his heart's content in the enjoyment of his books.

To all these people the Saturday Feeling means much.

THE YOUNGSTERS.

And for children the name of Saturday is magic. They not only have the whole long day to play in (except the unlucky ones), but Saturday means, too, the Saturday ha'penny or penny.

What glee when the figure of Cad appears round the bend of the road, and energetic legs run fast to meet him; voices shouting, "D-a-a-d! gimme my Saturday penny!"

He is the wise father who withholds the money till the early afternoon, thus doubling the kiddies' pleasure by prolonging their anticipation of it.

And now that picture-palaces are so numerous and cheap to enter, hordes of children for a penny can enjoy a two-hours' wild and wonderful treat.

Blessings be on the head of the inventors and producers of the picture show! They have intensified to æsthetic point the Saturday Feeling for the children.

CHARACTER REVEALING.

One feature of the Saturday Feeling is that it finds out your character's worth.

The self-indulgent, and the gross, and the lovers of violent pleasures, all expose their true natures when the Saturday Feeling encompasses them.

The Saturday Feeling is no friend to those who abuse its privileges. The man who gets drunk "reg'lar every Sat'day," returning home penniless, and bullying or ill-treating his wife, is an outcast from real joy, and is ten times the more culpable for spoiling the joy of others.

The same is true of the mother, if she be addicted to the Saturday night "razzle."

The Saturday Feeling is a human institution, and, therefore, being human, it cannot be kind to those who are unkind to it.

It deserts them, giving place to a spurious Saturday Feeling, a grim, leering, horrid creature, which tortures throughout the week with its memory of ugly excesses.

The right Saturday Feeling, harboured in gladness, brings sweetness and wholesomeness to the otherwise uneventful round.

A. G. STORM.



A Helping Hand on the Road to Fortune.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU.

THERE are millions of people who would be grateful for any little help or advice that would enable them to better their station in life, in preference to plodding along from day to day in subordinate positions, with little or no prospect of becoming men of substantial means. Yet there are others, whom the gift of a keen judgment and a clear foresight has enabled to overcome every obstacle in the race for wealth. Of these we have around us many living examples of what can be attained by taking advantage of one's opportunities, for it should be remembered that the great majority of the richest men in the world, have by sheer grit and determination, sprung from small beginnings. Commencing business in a very small way, they have accepted every chance offered, until the assured feeling of independence has enabled them to launch forth from success to success. That nothing succeeds like success, can be amply proved by thousands of clients of the National Share Exchange, who by starting in a small way, with just a few pounds of capital, have systematically and substantially added to it, until they have become comparatively rich men to-day. Many people have the idea that wealth is the exclusive right of the large Capitalist, but this impression is quite erroneous, and we have abundant proof that in practice such an unfair state of things does not exist. Everyone has an equal chance to become successful at money-making provided that the opportunity is accepted at the psychological moment.

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has been paid away to clients is abundant proof of the possibilities of making money that are open to all. Most of this huge sum of money has found its way into the pockets of men and women who had no previous knowledge of stocks and shares, and many of them started with so small a capital as £6. It is open for all and any of you to do likewise. We would invite you to verify the results by inspecting the cheques we have paid. They amount in many individual cases to **hundreds of pounds**. Start to-day by sending for our booklet.

There never were such opportunities for making money so easily and rapidly as now, for this is usually the time of the year when conditions on the Stock Markets become most favourable, and everything tends to a prolonged period of activity.

Our advices from day to day tell us to prepare for a sensational rise in prices, and all our clients will be promptly advised what stocks to buy and at the right time. We have a special wiring list to which we shall be pleased to add your name on hearing from you.

Here are a few clients' accounts taken at random from our ledgers.

A. E. B.			J. De L.			E. R.			W. A. H.			J. T. D.		
£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
46	13	3				28	12	6	20	1	3	24	0	0
22	0	0	214	7	6	54	0	0	50	0	0	50	0	0
93	0	0	75	0	0	16	14	6	35	15	6	26	12	0
75	0	0				19	10	0				30	0	0
25	0	0				34	17	6				6	0	0
76	2	6												
337	15	9	289	7	6	153	14	6	105	16	9	136	12	0

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It should be your turn next, if you will take the first step by filling in the coupon given below.

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M.M.
4/11/11.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

BLIND LANDLORDS.

THE NEED FOR BETTER BUSINESS METHODS IN HOUSE-LETTING

It is not often that a landlord is supposed to be blind to his own interests. He usually has the reputation of being keenly alive to them; and his collective reputation among the people at large is not always a very agreeable one on this account.

And yet landlords—and the majority of landlords, too—are in some respects the very worst of business men.

In some businesses there is a process known as window-dressing. It is, for some inscrutable reason, confined to one or two businesses only; but its extension to the business of letting house, flat, and shop property is urgently needed.

What, for instance, would one think of a confectioner who just tumbled bread—white and brown, and “Standard”—cakes, pies, tartlets, and fancy pastries, all together in a jumble in his window? I fancy he would get very few customers indeed. Nobody would go to him for their goods if there happened to be a rival shop within easy distance.

Some such method as this, however, is adopted by a per cent. of landlords. And as one concrete instance is worth a lot of general condemnation, here goes.

I wanted a flat or a house in a certain district. I went to several agents and obtained the keys of numerous flats and houses. I came away, after inspecting over a dozen, and I could not bring myself to the idea of living in any one of them.

Why? Because, without exception, every one of them was indescribably bedraggled and dirty.

The landlord will tell you that he will “do it up” to suit a tenant, but long before the tenant's voice comes into the matter there are things that must be done in any case. There is the broken bar of the fire-grate, there is the Venetian blind with three lathes missing; there is the door without a handle; there is the heap of soot, paper, odds and ends of rubbish left by the last tenant, which must be cleared away in the end; there is—but the list of things which made all these flats depressing and disgusting could be multiplied indefinitely.

Now every one of those places was in reality quite pleasant, but the first impression on entering was one which struck depression into my heart.

If the landlords would only see that every place to let was put into perfect order and cleanliness, there would be much less waste of time both for them and for tenants. All that a tenant has a voice in, such as the actual papering, could be left, but the shell of the place should be clean, and all accessories repaired. Then house-hunting would lose half its terrors.

F. EASTLEIGH.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

THIS WEEK'S MARKETS.

There is very little doing on the Stock Exchange. Although a certain amount of buying by shrewd investors is taking place, it is not enough to have much effect on prices, and the speculator is afraid to deal, as the risk is too great and the movement in prices too slow.

When the differences between France and Germany are finally signed, sealed, and delivered, no doubt a better tendency will be reflected in markets—especially where Paris is concerned, as until a complete settlement is arrived at, French bankers will continue to absorb gold to the detriment of business generally.

AMERICANS.

Prices continue to jump up and down within narrow limits; but the most experienced operators are finding it difficult to forecast market movements.

CONSOLS AND HOME RAILS.

Consols have kept firm during the week, as have Home Rails, and if the bulk of the men are satisfied with the report of the Railway Commission, the result should be beneficial to both employers and employees.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

S. L. (Cardiff).—I do not advise the exchange.

P. B. (Edinburgh).—The prospects of the company are good, and so far as can be seen your dividends are secure. I should, therefore, advise you to hold your shares for a recovery, which seems certain.

A. H. B. (Yarmouth).—(a) Hold. (b) The commission charged is about the average. (c) Too risky on account of the liability.

G. E. (Shelford).—As you seem to have no immediate opening for the use of the capital, I advise you not to sell.

“SONSY” (Hastings).—Highly speculative, and in my opinion best left alone.

J. D. (York).—I would not average at present, for, although the concern you mention is a good one, I think you will be able to get shares cheaper before the next dividend is declared.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE.

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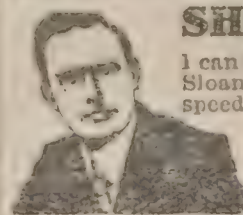
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SPORTING STORIES

SUCH A GOOD LITTLE BOY.

Above the quiet of the assiduously working little class of juveniles, there arose suddenly a woeful wail. Little Willy Wapshot was weeping bitterly. The kindly schoolmistress called him up to her, and asked the reason of his grief.

"Bobby Bloggs—sniff—has writ a norrid rude word on my slate," he announced, gaspingly. "I'm a good boy, I am, and I never use 'orrid rude words, I don't. So I don't like Bobby to write sich things on my slate. Boo-hoo-oo!" and the weeping began again with redoubled vigour.

"But, Willy, there's nothing to cry about really," said the schoolmistress, soothingly. "You can easily rub it out."

This seemed to deprive Willy of all patience.

"Boo-hoo!" he yelled. "I can't rub the pleadin' thing out! He's scratched it on wiv 'is sanguifuminous knife!"

NOT IZZY.

It was with a proud gleam in his eye that Hermann Abraham rushed up to his old friend, Moses Rosenthal. "My son's getting married to-morrow!" he said.

"Oh," answered Moses. "Is 'e?"

"No," replied the other, "Ikey."

NOT THIS TIME.

As the prisoner was being led back to the cells on the adjournment of his trial, the kind old lady crept up to him with a tract.

"My poor man," she said, "read this, when you have time."

The prisoner smiled.

"I ain't goin' to do no time this trip, lydy," he said. "My solicitor's fixed up a corkin' alleybi for me!"

SHE WAS A GOOD ANGLER, THOUGH.

The High Street, along which he was walking with her, was brilliantly lighted up; but a little further on there was a side street of private houses, and comparatively gloomy. Just before they reached it he summoned up all his audacity and spoke.

"You look so entirely adorable," he said, "that I shall kiss you on the corner."

The maiden laughed merrily.

"You silly boy!" she said. "You can't. I haven't got any corners."

DOGGY'S LEGACY.

Joseph, his dear old dog, was dead. He had called him Joseph because his long coat was of many colours, the colours of any unsavoury substances he could find to roll in.

And this was how Joseph died. For a long time past he had been a very hospitable dog. His motto had been "Live and let live." And he had kept some millions of tiny pensioners living happily in his coat.

But the Man had not approved of them, and he had bethought himself to give Joseph a bath in strong paraffin.

"If it doesn't kill the insects," he had said, thoughtlessly, "it'll kill the dog," and his idly joking words were realised. Poor Joseph died.

His master, was heartbroken—torn with the pangs of remorse. He wandered disconsolately out along a lonely road, thinking, thinking. . . . How often the dog had bounded beside him, or waited at home patiently for his master's coming. As he turned back he thought, miserably, there would be no little friend to welcome him.

But there were—about two or three million of them, all huddled together on the doorstep, looking up at him with appealing eyes, as if to say, "When are you going to buy us another dog?"



BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

C. G. (Exeter).—You may have, as you believe, a perfect grasp of the theoretical side of poultry farming, but you admit that you have never gone in for poultry except in a small amateur way. Before risking your money by setting up on your own, spend at least six months as pupil to an experienced poultry farmer.

T. H. F. (Winchester).—Once having used metal polish for the lacquered buttons of your "blues" you will have to keep on using it, or else get a new set of buttons. Lacquered buttons should never have metal polish applied to them, for it takes the lacquer off.

W. M. (Ramsgate).—Information regarding the work and pay of prison warders will be supplied on application to the Prison Commission, Home Office.

"SNOOKER" (Stowmarket).—In the case you outline you are right. If, however, while actually engaged in striking or aiming at the ball your opponent had fouled another ball with his cue or any part of his person, an appeal could have been sustained.

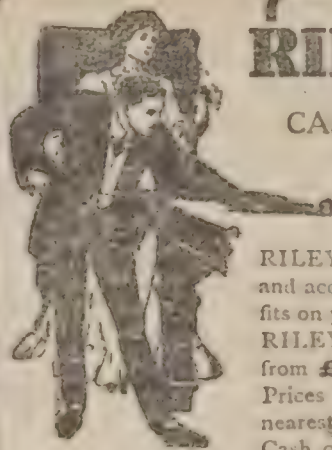
G. P. (Nottingham).—It is better to fix your moustache by wearing a muslin trainer during sleep than to wax it.

H. V. C. (Colchester).—You can obtain the desired information by writing to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, The Broadway, Westminster.

W. J. S. (Burton-on-Trent).—The headquarters of the North West Mounted Police are at Regina, Sask., Canada, where recruits must make personal application for enrolment.

J. B. R. (Dublin).—From what you tell us your eyes are too seriously affected to be cured by any form of exercise such as was described in a recent article. You had better consult an oculist. Wearing glasses for a time may effect a permanent cure.

A. R. (Sheffield), E. H. (Leeds), H. J. M. (Bournemouth), E. C. (Dublin), R. McD. (Birmingham), F. C. R. (Gibraltar), H. B. (Wigan), A. T. T. (Swindon), T. W. P. (Dundee).—Thank you.



RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLES.

CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

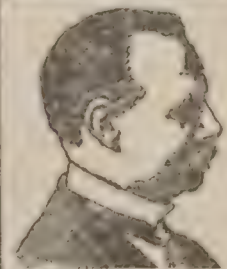
Whatever size your room there is a RILEY table to fit it.

RILEY'S MINIATURE TABLES are as perfect and accurate as the full size. The miniature table fits on your own Dining table from £3 7s. 6d. RILEY'S Combine Billiard and Dining Tables from £3 10s. to £32. Prices include all accessories carriage paid to nearest railway station in the United Kingdom. Cash or easy payments.

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BAD HABITS Conquered.

If you are a slave to any bad habit that is ruining your health, character, and ability to get ahead, write me confidentially for information. I refer to craving for **Alcoholic Drinks** of any kind, for **Cigarettes** or any other form of **Tobacco** using, for **Drugs**, including **Cocaine**, **Morphine**, **Paregoric**, **Opium**, Cough Mixtures, Sal. V. tile, Laudanum, etc.

Most bad habits can be permanently conquered in 72 hours without loss of time or discomfort. Wonderful success, perfectly safe, guaranteed, endorsed by physicians, legions of testimonials. Mention what habit you desire to overcome and whether it is in yourself or another. Address:

EDWARD J. WOODS, 10, NORFOLK STREET (3550), STRAND, W.C.

THE MAN WITH THE FLAG

PERTINENT FACTS ABOUT FOOTBALL LINESMEN.

Although there is less outcry nowadays than used to be the case formerly on the same subject, referees still come in for a considerable amount of rough usage, both physical and moral, as a result of offending the home team's supporters by their decisions; but it is a very strange fact that another official who wields an equal, if not greater, power for influencing the result, is allowed to pass practically unnoticed.

I am referring to the linesman. It is time that a fuller public understanding was brought about in the matter of his opportunities for helping the team he fancies.

IN THE OLD DAYS.

At one time in every football match, great or small, one linesman belonged to the home team and the other to the visitors. This, however, led to such obvious partisanship on the linesman's part, that in big matches, such as League fixtures and Cup Ties, neutral linesmen became a *sine qua non*; but, even now, in minor matches the old rule still obtains.

As most of us know, the duties of the linesman are to advise the referee as to which side should have the throw in when the ball goes over the touchline, and whether it should be a "corner" or simply a goal kick when it goes over the goal line. In other words, they have to tell the referee which side sent the ball out of play.

This is done in the case of kicks over the side-line simply by two different ways of wagging the flag. In following the course of the ball, the linesman, when it goes over the line, waves his flag forward to denote that the throw-in belongs to the side whose goal he is facing, and backwards to declare in favour of the team whose goal is behind him.

PENDULUM STYLE.

And it is in this connection that a prominent footballer, who, however, does not wish his name mentioned in such an indictment, compared the flag-wagging of a partisan linesman with the way a pendulum swings—backwards and forwards. Only this is the difference, the pendulum swings each way alternately, the linesman's flag wags one way in the first half, and the other in the second, when the side he favours has crossed over.

Whether this be or be not an over strong statement, one very flagrant case is on record of a linesman who, only a short time ago, was seen by more than one spectator, not only to give decisions in favour of the home team, but also deliberately to stop the ball from going out when it was in their interest to do so, and even to go on the field to pass to one of the men of the side he favoured.

AN OLD PLAYER.

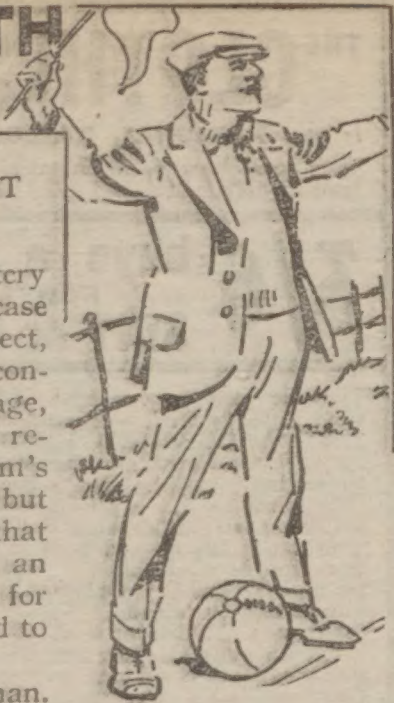
He was reported and very severely censured; and no team which has been down to play against the club in question has agreed to him officiating since. He was an old player of the club, and his *esprit de corps* amounted almost to a frenzy.

His, of course, is only an extreme case; but it is undeniable that linesmen are biased in favour of their own club.

It is the same with referees. Nowadays you hardly ever see a match refereed by a member of either of the contesting clubs, or even an ex-member of either of them.

But to get back to our linesmen. Although their playing days are over, they must still keep in condition, smoking and drinking only in moderation. Anyone who is inclined to doubt the strain of acting as linesman for two "three-quarters-of-an-hour," should remember the amateur who thought he could do it with a pipe in his mouth, and fell in a faint just before half-time.

G. MARSHALL.



HALF-TIME HINTS.

It is when the whistle goes for cessation of hostilities—as the scribe of the football evening sheet loves to call half-time—that a great many amateur footballers do themselves a lot of harm, laying up the seeds of illnesses which busy-bodies will blame on the game rather than on the sufferers' lack of prudence at the interval.

Professional players, of course, go back to the pavilion and are taken in hand by the trainer; but amateurs move about the ground, catching chills, when they are sweating.

Always put on a sweater or overcoat till the re-start, and don't take any liquid, especially anything gassy. It ruins the wind. Stick to the time-honoured slices of lemon.

THE BELT OF LIFE.

"The Belt of Life," is the name that has been applied to the Ambrose Wilson Magneto Belt, and its title is well deserved, for it has brought new life, new joy, new hopes, new happiness to thousands. Weak and afflicted men and women, who had abandoned all hopes of ever recovering their health and wonted vigour, have been restored to the full tide of manhood and womanhood by the "Belt of Life."

To Ambrose Wilson belongs the credit of placing this wonderful power, magnetism, within the reach of all, even the poorest.

"So convinced am I," he says, "that my 'Belt of Life' will do all that I claim for it, that I offer to send it out on trial to all who will send me 1s. I say, test it for yourself. I know what benefit it has been to others. I want you to know how greatly it will benefit you."

All sufferers should send a shilling at once to Ambrose Wilson, Dept. 19, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

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Pick where you like. Odds greatly extended.
Postcards, 1d. Kindly mention this paper. Letters, 2½d.

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Big to announce that the ENORMOUS ODDS of
2,000 to 1
HAVE BEEN LAID AND PAID on October 7.
ONE HUNDRED POUNDS TO ONE SHILLING.
This fortunate client, Mr. Albert Hobden, 8, Guildford Street, Brighton, having predicted four scores successfully.
£1,000 will be paid to any Charity if not GENUINE.
Full particulars will be sent on receipt of a postcard.
If you mention this paper, we will also send you a sample packet FREE OF COST of our famous Football Whiff Cigarettes.
Letters should not bear postmark later than 2 p.m. on Saturday.
Every Match to choose from in the 4 Leagues except Scottish Queen's Park.
Loring's Weekly, on October 14th, says:—"White, Fisher, and Co., the world's premier Football Accountants, are undoubtedly one of the most up-to-date firms of modern times."
The Editor of the Racing Judge, October 7th, says:—"A friend tells us that one of the sights of Basle, Switzerland, is the arrival of White, Fisher & Co.'s mail every Sunday. This well-known firm of Football Accountants has been established for fifteen years, and the magnitude of their business speaks well for their methods."

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS,
HAVING THINGS STRONG.



Our country cousins are notoriously bad dressers, clinging as they do to fashions of a decade past, but there is one thing they can teach a townsman, and that is to have everything strong and serviceable.

If it has ever been your task to hook up the back of a lady's dress (and many of my readers, I daresay, are married), it must have struck you how fragile are the fixings. The hook goes into a small loop of thread or cord attached to the fabric, which itself is so delicate that if the hook touches it roughly it would be torn.

One marvels that women's clothes last as long as they do, but this same flimsiness is finding its way to some extent into masculine wear, and it is usually due to the tradesman's effort to produce at a low cost an article which should be much higher priced if it is to be of sound material.

In selecting any article of apparel, give your first consideration to its durability.

Anything flimsy and delicate in the way of men's wear looks effeminate, and it is always liable to go wrong.

TOBACCO-REEKING CLOTHES.

The smell of stale tobacco which hangs about the clothes of a pipe smoker is in most cases due, not to the amount of tobacco he has consumed, but to the fact that he carries his pipe in his pocket without enclosing it in a case.

Whatever tobacco you smoke, there will always remain a certain amount of foul smell in the pipe. This smell is offensive to non-smokers, and particularly to ladies, but it can easily be prevented by using a pipe case.

This need not be heavy or bulky, and most tobacconists can supply you with a suitable case at a very small cost, even if your pipe had no case when it was bought.

LINING OF BOOTS.

Most boots are lined, either with cloth or thin leather, and in either case this lining gives way long before the rest of the boot shows signs of wear, especially if your feet are liable to perspire freely.

In sweat there is a strong acid which rots the leather and cloth alike.

Sweat can, however, be removed by the simple expedient of filling the boot with cold water for an hour or so.

Water will not damage the lining in any way, nor will the shape of the boot be injured if you take the precaution of treeing it up as soon as you remove the water.

SPECIAL COLLARS.

I am constantly receiving from correspondents inquiries as to some means of getting over the difficulty of fixing a tie with a double collar.

As a matter of fact, it is quite easy to arrange a tie with a double collar if, as I have already advised, you place the tie close down to the bottom of the collar, instead of putting it near the top.

The reason for this is that at the bottom of the collar there is a considerable space between the two parts, whereas at the top these come close together and make it almost impossible to move the tie backwards and forwards.

Personally, I have never any difficulty in fixing a tie when wearing a double collar, because I keep the tie low down, but there are some men who do not seem to be able to put this idea into practice. They had better adopt a tip which was recently shown to me by a friend, and which I shall do my best to describe.

He got the collars made for him by his local outfitter, who presumably handed on the order to a manufacturer.

THE CLOTHES HOSPITAL

is the NATIONAL TAILORING AND REPAIRING CO. they have been established since 1900, and are the largest and leading REPAIRING TAILORS in the United Kingdom.

3/6 buys a NEW LIFE 3/6
For that old
SUIT or OVERCOAT

If your suit or overcoat is wrinkled or shabby from wear, send it to us with a Postal Order for 3s. 6d. It will be CLEANED, REPAIRED, and TAILOR-PRESSED by our wonderful new process, and you will receive it within three days, looking like a brand new suit or overcoat. Our work is not a dry-cleaning process. It is exclusively a tailoring service carried out by expert tailors. You must see an old suit or overcoat after being treated by our unique method, the result will surprise you. We have no need to publish testimonials, although we are able to show you many hundreds. Send us a trial order and let us convince you what we can do. Pack up your clothes, and in three days you will be glad that you have acted on our advice. Carriage paid one way. Repairs and Alterations of every description.

The National Tailoring and Repairing Co.
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NO MORE BAGGY KNEES.

Price **5/9** Carriage paid.



Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease. I save you 50%. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers. Full approval. Handsome Polished Oak, Plated Fittings. Powerful steel crossbars. length. Take 4 pairs. **GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. 7 days' approval.** Money returned if not satisfied. Send for Illustrated List Free.

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THE 'LADDIZ' A PERFECT CAP.



The Latest Improvement in Caps is the introduction of a Patent Spring Cushion fitted between the sweatband and the peak, which Ensures a Perfect Fit, Ideal Ventilation, Relieves All Pressure on the Head, and Prevents the Cap Blowing Off.

MADE OF THE BEST MATERIALS, IN THE LATEST SHAPES & COLOURS.
Prices 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. (post free).

Quote size and colour, enclosing P.O., to
J. HOLDEN & CO., 32 Finsbury Square, LONDON, E.C.

A RARE COMBINATION

The finest Scotch and English materials, the most expert London cutters and tailors, and the best Bond Street styles. That is the great combination of goods, brains, skill and art that makes McKinley Tailoring supreme. Buy your Winter Overcoat or Suit from us and you will discover what clothes comfort really means. Also you will save money, for our prices compare most favourably with those of other firms.

OVERCOATS (to measure) - 25/- to 45/-
SUITS (to measure) - 30/- to 50/-
Carriage Paid. No Extras.

C We return your money in full if you are not completely satisfied.

WRITE TO-DAY for our "Booklet MM." and our splendid range of Autumn and Winter Samples. They will be sent to you free together with copies of unsolicited testimonials from all parts of the world, Fashion Plates, Tape Measure, and the McKinley scientific Self-Measurement Chart which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor.

We guarantee perfection of Fit, Style, & Workmanship.

Write or call—

C. & G. MCKINLEY, Tailoring Specialists,
Tailoring Dept., 7, GRESHAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.



The price charged was exactly the same as my friend had been in the habit of paying, the only difference being that he was required to buy a dozen at a time.

Here is the idea in a nutshell. The outer part of the collar is the same as usual, but the inner part, which comes next to the neckband of the shirt, is cut away at each side of the back button-hole.

This permits the tie to be moved about with perfect freedom. Instead of being between the two parts of the collar, it comes between the neckband of the shirt and the outer part of the collar only.

SOCK HEELS.

There are some things about which even the most easy-going man is justified in being careful, and one of these things is the condition of his socks, especially at the heels.

If you are going to do much walking, you should always select a pair of socks that have not been darned at the heels, for darning, even if it has been well done, makes the surface of the sock uneven, and a blister is the result.

For ordinary purposes there is, of course, no reason why you should not wear socks that have been darned, but they should be left severely alone when dressing yourself for a long day's tramp.

Another point in the matter of sock heels is this: When buying socks, make certain that you get them the right length in the foot.

Socks are made in sizes, and the sock that is intended for a man who takes nines in boots will not be comfortable to a man who takes sevens.

While on the subject of socks and the care thereof, I may mention a tip which will not only ensure your comfort, but will also prevent your socks from wearing out at the toes, and that is, to keep your toe-nails reasonably short and not neglect them as so many people do.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR LEGGINGS.

I have recently seen several chauffeurs wearing a new type of boot, which combines boots and leggings in one.

Several efforts have been made to do this before, but they have not been very successful. Field boots have, of course, been in vogue a long time, but they are not much favoured, for they lace only at the ankle, and fix with a strap at the top, and the rest of the leg remains too loose to be comfortable when riding.

These new boots to which I refer, however, lace all the way up, so that a more accurate fit is possible.

The lacing is done with ordinary eyelet holes to the top of the instep, and then with hooks up to the knee.

I should think that for riding, these hooks might be liable at times to catch in the stirrup leathers, but for other times when leggings are worn, such as in motoring, they should answer the purpose quite well, and, fitting closely as they do, they look very neat.

A NEW IDEA IN CAPS.

I have just been examining one of the "Laddiz" caps, and I am much struck by the excellence of the idea which it embodies.

On the front of the cap, and quite hidden from view, there is a simple form of spring cushion which keeps the cap firmly on the head, and yet prevents any unpleasant pressure.

Moreover, it ensures perfect ventilation, which is a very great point for those who perspire freely. Many men make their caps unpleasant by getting the inside soaked with sweat just where it grips the head.

The "Laddiz" caps are correct in shape and material, and quite moderate in price, and I should advise any reader who is in need of a cap to get one. They are made by Messrs. J. Holden and Co., 32, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

TOILET TABLE ORDERLINESS.

On most toilet tables there are two stacks of drawers, in which may be stored the various trifles that may be required by the table's owner.

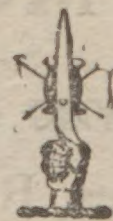
Studs, safety pins, boot laces, and other odds and ends find a place in these little drawers, but, be it said to the discredit of us men, they are generally thrown into the drawers anyhow.

The result is not surprising.

It is always when you are in a hurry that you require a new stud, or that you break your bootlace, and the necessary article seems to be in the last drawer you open.

It is a simple matter to store the various things you need, according to the class to which they belong.

Sticking plaster, a box of ointment, and anything else in the way of medical or surgical first-aid might be kept in one drawer; studs, tie-pins, and other things in another; boot laces in a third, and so on. You must, of course, make the arrangement according to your own particular needs.



GENTLEMEN,

You may contemplate to order a new Overcoat or Winter Suit, our advice is *don't* until you have seen what our wonderful reviving process will actually do for your last year's. Our process will make your Overcoat or Suit look and hang as well as when it first came home new from your tailor. Send it along to-day. **COST ONLY 3/9.** Time: 3 Days (never more). Carriage Paid. **Absolute satisfaction or Money Returned in Full.**

THE BRITISH TAILORING AND REPAIRING COMPANY,
34, 36, 38 & 40, St. College St.,
London, N.W. Tel. 2882 North (2 lines).

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NEW FLEECY MATERIALS 21/- to 65/-

REAL IRISH DUFFLE 55/-
(DOUBLE BREASTED)

JOHN PIGGOTT Ltd.

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Please mention M.M.

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Prizes Ranging from £10 to £1 10s. in Cash.

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For Seven Days' Trial.

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With every pair of Dumb-Bells is also sent Two Charts of Exercises, one showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, the other showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, woman or girl, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information, by following which every reader can not only prove his or her strength and general physique, but likewise safeguard and improve the health.

These Charts have been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of Dumb-Bells.

If, after using these Dumb-Bells for Seven Days free, you decide to keep them, send us a deposit of 2s. 6d., and promise to pay the remainder of the price at the rate of 2s. 6d. per month, which only means

the small sum of One Penny per Day. Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells are now

acknowledged to be the most perfect physical Appliance ever invented, and hundreds of thousands of pairs are in daily use in every country on the face of the earth. They are equally suitable for the delicate and strong; their resistance can be adjusted to the strength of the weakest, and increased as occasion arises. They are a complete Physical Culture Outfit for use in the home by any person at any age.



**Simple Conditions of Remarkable Competition
Now Available.**

The user of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells quickly becomes as "fit as a fiddle" and as "strong as a lion," graceful in proportions, and dignified in carriage. You can put three inches on your chest measurement, and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the Grip Dumb-Bells a few minutes a day for three months.

There is nothing to pay to secure the Dumb-Bells; there is no entrance fee to the competition in which everyone is able to secure a prize.

Don't delay; fill in the form below and forward at once.

Room 39, Sandow Hall, Bury Street, W.C.

Date.....1911.

Gentlemen,—Please send me one pair* of your Gentle-
men's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... **12s. 6d.**

Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

Youths' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... **10s. 6d.**

Suitable for age 14 to 18.

Ladies' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... **10s. 6d.**

Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

This order is given on condition that, after Seven Days Free Trial, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and no charge whatsoever will be made.

FREE
TRIAL.

Signed.....

Address.....

*Please Cross out Sizes not required.